The Nation.

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The Week.

For a year past wireless telegraphy has been tested at varying distances, and it has been as certain as anything could be that Mr. Marconi's ambition to send full messages across the Atlantic would soon be realized. This anticipation, however, in no way detracts from the interest of the actual experiments of Sunday. About a year ago the inventor succeeded in transmitting the letter S from Cornwall to Newfoundland, but the results were so uncertain and the working of the instrument so irregular that many doubted the conclusiveness of the experiment. On Sunday, however, long messages were exchanged between Cape Breton Island and Cornwall, and the service was apparently as accurate as that of the submarine cables. Mr. Marconi deserves the fullest congratulations for perfecting, in its practical application, an idea of telegraphic communication which has baffled electricians from Morse down. It would be premature to speculate upon the practical and commercial advantages of wireless telegraphy. One might readily imagine applications to the art of naval warfare, for instance, which would be more entertaining than probable. That it will for a long time be anything more than an auxiliary to the cables may well be doubted. Electrical light and power have not made an end of gas and steam. Perhaps the most immediate appeal of this remarkable discovery is to the imagination. An earlier age would have seen magic in the dispersion, through leagues of ocean air, of vibrations, meaningless except when they sweep strung wires to which they are attuned. And in our day Mr. Marconi's experiments seem rather like those mysterious relations which subsist between persons at a distance than like the cold demonstrations of science. Only the regularity and reasonableness of his results assure us that we are not dealing with some strangely bedizened telepathy, but with the proved fact of aërial telegraphy.

The arguments against the Newfoundland reciprocity treaty, now in committee of the Senate, have an ancient and fish-like smell. The so-called representatives of the New England fishermen not unnaturally treat the case as if fishing were the sole and original infant American industry. In this they resemble the makers of dolls' eyes and brass jewelry, who have blocked treaties that were undoubtedly for the good of the country as a whole. Nobody can complain because these gentlemen see only their own side of the case, but everybody should attack the sophistry under which these selfish individual claims become the basis of our national law-making. Laws should be framed from the latitude of Washington, not of Lynn, Gloversville, or Gloucester. The specific attack made in the fishermen's behalf against the treaty is that the bargain is an unequal one. Cheap Newfoundland fish will glut our breakfast tables, while self-respecting American families forget that cheap food makes a cheap man. Besides this moral danger, the treaty is said to be mathematically unjust. The free bait which it promises will save our fishermen $4,000, by estimate; the remitted duties on Newfoundland fish will amount to several hundred thousand dollars, by prophecy. Strike a balance and you find just how much we lose by the bargain. But our total dutiable imports from Newfoundland and Labrador in 1901 were $271,000. Clearly, we are not in a position to "concede" several hundred thousands of duties on this trade to anybody. What the Senate should see is, that this is not a question of a few fishing-smacks more or less, but of a cheap food supply for many people; that the value of the right to get bait free from vexatious rules and possible reprisals must be measured in terms of convenience, not of the actual price of squid and capelin; finally, that it is wiser to consider the market which we may gain, than the purely hypothetical duties which we fear to lose.

The terms of the Cuban treaty of reciprocity are more liberal than the first report of its contents implied. It grants a reduction of 25 per cent. of the Dingley tariff on Cuban products entering our ports, and it secures for our products exported to Cuba a scale of reductions of 25, 30, and 40 per cent. on specified articles. The summary of the treaty given out at Washington is somewhat confusing in the clause which relates to trade relations of the two contracting parties with other countries, but we judge that it means that the most-favored-nation clause shall not carry to other nations the privileges here enumerated, though it does not estop either of the parties from making treaties of reciprocity with other countries or from changing its tariff in any way. In the event of either country making rates of duty on goods coming from the other different from those of the treaty, the other country is at liberty to abrogate the whole treaty. In other words, it is tentative, not ironclad, and in this respect may disarm the opposition of some Senators who might hesitate to vote for a treaty which could not be amended for a definite number of years. The time fixed for ratification (January 31, 1903) seems very short, especially in view of the possibilities of debate in the Senate, but perhaps this period was named with the concurrence of the Committee on Foreign Relations. At all events, the time can be extended if needful. Everything now depends on the temper of the beet-sugar men. They can kill the treaty for this session if they choose, but they will hardly take the risk of offending public sentiment in that way again. A question more fraught with delay is whether the House will consent to be ignored in the ratification of the treaty. Looking at the precedents in the treaties with Canada and Hawaii, it is hardly possible that the House will allow itself to be snuffed out in this manner.

Since the bill reducing to 25 per cent. of the Dingley schedules all duties on imports from the Philippine Islands has passed the House almost without debate, the question becomes pertinent—If it is so easy to knock off 50 per cent. from these sacred schedules to-day, why was it so impossible last winter to concede more than a beggarly 25 per cent? The same grudging tendency appeared in the case of Porto Rico. Everybody, from President McKinley down, agreed that the establishment of free trade was an act of simple justice; but free trade was achieved only by gradual and reluctant process. Congress has not learned to do fair things willingly or generous things generously, and it would be interesting to discover why the representatives of an open-hearted people seem unable to proceed directly upon lines of magnanimity. For this reason the Democrats in the House did well to introduce an alternative bill for free trade, putting the Republican party in the position of a repentant usurer, who gradually brings himself from 100 per cent., through various degrees of extortion, to legal interest. Of course, the reduction of the duties will be so much gain in the way of putting us in a better moral attitude towards our Island wards, but the practical advantage to the Philippine Islands is likely, for a time, at least, to be inconsiderable. They have very few products to send us that we cannot get more advantageously elsewhere, and they do not need facilities for commerce so much as internal peace and security. In this respect, the Senate bill for establishing the gold standard in the Philippines is much more to the point.

President Schurman continues to stand up and be counted in favor of Philippine independence. He explained his presence at Cooper Union, where he addressed a large audience on Sunday evening, by saying that it was owing to

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the way in which our motives as to the Philippines are becoming mixed. We went into the islands, he believed, for reasons of humanity. But our reasons for staying there have changed. He was not pressed to explain what the change was, but if he had been he would no doubt have had to say that the desire to exploit the islands for the wealth they are said to contain is the ruling factor in our present policy. Professor Jenks, of President Schurman's own faculty, for instance, is now advocating a system of coolie slavery for the islands. The syndicates which would like to exploit the archipelago are delighted by this, because they see that nothing can be done under existing labor conditions. The same influences were behind the provisions in the Philippines civil-government law of last spring, which made it easy for syndicates to obtain large holdings of land. Immigration from the United States not having taken place as was expected, the influence of the Administration is now being exerted to induce capital to go into the islands. But capital will not be likely to go in as long as men like President Schurman continue to advocate eventual independence and get entire Cooper Union audiences to agree with them that the United States is in the Philippines simply to fit the Filipinos for self-government, President Schurman is doing a most valuable service, and will, we trust, continue to speak out strongly in favor of freedom for the Filipinos.

Forefathers' Day gave us the usual amount of perfunctory and negligible speaking, mitigated by banquets. Senator Hoar at Philadelphia described a certain dangerous tendency in American popular thought and public speech, and ex-Attorney-General Griggs, in his address before the New England Society of Orange, illustrated that tendency even while the New England Senator was speaking. At the elbow of either orator the Philippine Banquo was standing. Neither could forget the frightful divergence of our Philippine practice from our New England principles. Senator Hoar deplored the "different meaning" which the American flag had come to have to so many. We hear more about it than ever—more boasting, more protestations, more foolish talk of legislation to prevent the mere cloth of which it is composed from being "desecrated." But for its deeper significance and essential symbolism we have ceased to care as we once did. "We no longer," said Senator Hoar, "speak of it as the symbol of liberty, except coldly and formally; but only as the symbol of power, or of a false, cheap, tinsel glory." While he was yet speaking, confirmation of his words was given. Mr. Griggs at Orange was responding to the toast "Our Flag in the Orient," and was saying, "You were thinking of the Philippines. It is over these that our flag now floats, the emblem of *sole and undisputed sovereignty*." There could not well be a sharper contrast between the idea of America as standing for stark force, and of America as synonymous with liberty.

Nor was the chasm which divides the thought of Mr. Griggs from that of Senator Hoar merely verbal. The speech of the ex-Attorney-General breathed a political philosophy whole diameters away from that of the Massachusetts Senator. "Too much attention," said the Jerseyman, referring to the never-ending Philippine debate, "has been given to the general question of forms of government and constitutions." It was "the spirit of the American people" that was the main thing, and it was "humane, sympathetic, altruistic." This reminds us of the bulwark against "centralized despotism" which Justice Brown of the Supreme Court thought he saw in the "principles of natural justice inherent in the Anglo-Saxon character." As we said at the time, the Anglo-Saxon character has, nevertheless, taken precious good care, and spilled a lot of blood, to get its principles written down in binding statute and Constitution. It has always pointed to documentary charters of freedom and monuments of liberty. And it is rather late in the day, simply because we have to forbid the reading of the Declaration of Independence in the Philippines, and to suspend the operation of our Constitution there, to discover that the age-long fight for written guarantees was simply a contest of fools about meaningless forms of government. It is a curious way of glorifying our forefathers to say that all of them who died at Bunker Hill or Gettysburg were giving "too much thought to the question of a form of government"! As for "the American spirit," Senator Hoar is as able to wax enthusiastic about it as Mr. Griggs. Only, to him, it means the deep heart of a people that beats for justice and liberty.

Congressman Fowler, Chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency, introduced last week a new currency bill to take the place of the one reported by his Committee at the last session. The latter has been wisely abandoned, as embracing too many subjects and inviting too many attacks, besides being cumbrous and hard to understand. There was no reason why a measure to grant greater freedom in the issue of circulating notes by national banks should embrace the retirement of the greenbacks, or a provision for branch banks, or a measure for more subsidiary silver coins. However desirable those changes may be in an ideal system, they are not essential to a sound scheme of "assets currency," while they are sure to multiply opposition to the bill as a whole. The new bill is much shorter and simpler, and therefore much easier to pass. It might be made even shorter and simpler than it is. It provides that any national bank may, with the approval of the Comptroller of the Currency, take out for issue and circulation an amount of national-bank notes not exceeding 25 per cent. of its paid-up and unimpaired capital, without depositing United States bonds with the United States Treasury, but upon condition of depositing in the Treasury either gold coin or United States bonds, or both, equal to 5 per cent. of said circulation. This 5 per cent. is to be held as a guarantee fund for the redemption of the notes of failed banks. A tax of one-half per cent. per annum must be paid on all banknotes so issued, and the proceeds of the tax are to be added to the guarantee fund. The 5 per cent. so deposited in the Treasury shall constitute a part of the legal reserve, and the bank must keep a reserve against these notes equal to the legal reserve against deposits. This cannot be considered a burdensome requirement, for although the existing law does not require any cash reserve against circulation, it requires 100 per cent. reserve, or even more, in the form of deposited bonds.

Other important features of the measure are those providing for the redemption of the notes. Here the example of the old Suffolk Bank system has been followed in part. Banks are required to redeem their notes at their own counters, and also at one of three financial centres, New York, Chicago, and San Francisco. Banks are to be classified as belonging to particular districts numbered 1, 2, and 3, according to their nearness to the redemption cities, and they are not allowed to pay out any notes except those which are redeemable in their respective districts. All other notes received by them in the course of business must be sent home for redemption. This feature embodies a sound principle, but we can see the chance of a good deal of local bickering on the subject of redemption cities. The bill certainly furnishes a good starting-point for currency reform. Although it comes short of a satisfactory scheme for an elastic currency, it is probably all that Congress will consider favorably at the present time—even more. Indeed, we presume that there is no expectation of passing this bill or any other during the present short session, but it is important to have a really practicable measure on the calendar.

The *Congressional Record* for Friday usually reads like a catalogue, for Friday is private pension day. Each proposed beneficiary (who could not get his

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pension through the Bureau, and hence has appealed to Congress) is awarded a little paragraph by himself in fine print. There are about twenty such paragraphs on a page, and in the *Record* of December 12 there were twenty pages of this matter. Ordinarily, the passage of 400 private pension bills is as smooth as well-oiled machinery can make it, but on that date there was a slight interruption. This was caused by Mr. Gaines of Tennessee, who asked why so many special pension bills were now necessary.

"At the last session of Congress," said Mr. Gaines, "I asked the gentleman from New Hampshire [Mr. Sulloway] why there were so many of these special acts, and the gentleman from New Hampshire replied that it was because the parties did not get justice at the Pension Bureau; the real meaning of the remark being that the then Commissioner of Pensions, Mr. H. Clay Evans, was not dealing fairly with the proposed pensioners. We were given to understand that when the new Commissioner was appointed, Congress would be relieved from doing the work of that Bureau. I will ask the gentleman from New Hampshire if the trouble still lies at the door of the Commissioner of Pensions?"

To this rather significant inquiry Mr. Sulloway replied: "I understood the gentleman from Tennessee to ask if there had been any change since the Commissioner of Pensions has been changed. That has nothing to do with these bills whatever. I will say that all these matters were adjudicated before the present Commissioner came in." It is obvious that this answer may be taken by Commissioner Ware as an intimation of what is expected of him; but his recent brief submitted to the Attorney-General respecting a case involving the joint resolution of July 1, 1902, may also be taken by Mr. Sulloway as an intimation that the Commissioner intends to have something to say about the policy of his Bureau. It is a good sign, and we sincerely hope that it will be followed by others even more conclusive.

There is no more interesting organization in the South to-day than the Texas Farmers' Improvement Society, of which the "Texas Booker Washington," Robert L. Smith, is the head. This cooperative body recently held its seventh annual convention, and the reports made at that meeting should cure a great deal of pessimism in regard to the industrial future of the negro in the South. The society is composed of 3,000 negro farmers, who now own 50,000 acres of land, 8,000 head of cattle, and 7,000 horses and mules. It is waging an aggressive warfare against the crop-mortgage system, is introducing improved methods of farming, takes care of its sick and buries its dead. In his annual address Mr. Smith quoted from Secretary Hay's protest on behalf of the Rumanian Jews, to show his hearers what advantages they possess, and he was able to say: "In Texas we have no race problem, so far as governmental affairs are concerned. Where we are settled and own property, where we have established a reputation as industrious, peaceable, sober, right-thinking citizens, I venture to say that the public conscience would not permit advantage to be taken of us." Commenting on the meeting, the Galveston *Daily News* said:

"One of the most pleasing features of this meeting was the excellent tone and fine common sense displayed in the speeches and addresses. The delegates all seemed to think Texas was the best place this side of Heaven, and that the whites and blacks could and would live together in perfect peace."

The hands of those who are opposed to shipping subsidies in the United States will be much strengthened by the report of the select committee of the House of Commons adverse to subsidies in Great Britain. The committee says that subsidies restrict free competition and lead to the formation of shipping rings and federations, and hence should not be granted except for services rendered, and that in the latter case the Government should have the right to fix the maximum rates of freight. The phrase "services rendered" is perhaps rather elastic. Whether it shuts off the proposed subvention to the Cunard Company for the new twenty-three-knot ships to be built with money loaned by the Government, is not quite clear; but it is easy to see that there is room for a lively fight before the British constituencies if that particular subvention is granted and all others are denied. The committee does not attach much importance to the report that the Morgan combination is able to command an undue proportion of the Atlantic carrying trade by reason of its influence with American railway management. The hint is thrown out that it may be expedient for Great Britain to adopt the policy of reciprocity in the matter of coasting trade, and prohibit the carrying of goods between British ports by the ships of nations which forbid their coasting trade to British ships. This is the only suggestion in the report that can be regarded as unfavorable to American ship-owners. We exclude from our coasting trade every foreign craft that floats, and when we annexed Porto Rico we applied the same rule to our trade with her. If England should forbid our ships, when making long voyages, to pick up and drop cargo in British ports, it would make the difference of a great many dollars to our ship-owners. Yet we could not justly complain if she adopted that policy.

A British jury's award of damages to the Taff Vale Railway Company for injuries inflicted by a strike and boycott had been foreshadowed by a previous judicial decision asserting the liability of labor unions; but it is a great advantage to have so substantial a verdict as to show that the ordinary sense of Englishmen finds the use of the boycott, or other violent methods in a strike, to be criminal conspiracy. Hereafter there can be no doubt that the English unions are in the fullest sense responsible for their action. Justice Wills, before whom the case was tried, rebuked the defendants for "their perpetual producing of the card of non-responsibility" in a manner "contrary to common law and common sense." This was the voice and tone of our own Judge Gray in the anthracite hearing. He, too, showed that it was absurd and dishonest to say that there was no connection between a strike and subsequent violence because the individual lawbreakers could not be identified with the striking union. The moral of the Taff Vale award plainly is, that fearless judges and clear-headed juries can make old law meet new emergencies. The English are far better off under this extension of the law of conspiracy than they would be with elaborate anti-strike or anti-boycott legislation. Our own relief from the present irresponsibility of labor unions may well come about in this manner. The mere requirement of incorporation would make the unions answerable financially. Probably no further legislation would be necessary.

It may well be doubted if the capture of the Humberts will result in any far-reaching political scandal. Their gigantic swindle was not of a kind that permitted confederates, and the chances are that their testimony before the courts will rather expose gulls than knaves in high place. The personal, and we may say the psychological, interest of their arrest far outweighs the political. We are near that thrilling point in a detective story when the plot is to be spun backwards and the mystery explained. We already know how the peasant girl, Mme. Humbert, with or without the aid of her father-in-law, an ex-Minister of Justice, borrowed millions upon the credit of a bogus lawsuit; we know how that rather dull person, Ferdinand Humbert, got a standing in art and letters in Paris, while the whole family of impostors achieved a social position brilliant even for such wealth as theirs. Now we shall be told how Mme. Humbert justified her course to herself, upon what fears and vanities she worked to cover her fraud or advance her notoriety; we are presumably to learn the state of mind of the painters and poets who produced canvases and verses for Ferdinand Humbert to sign; we shall discover what the great folk of Paris thought of their vulgarian hosts, and what the Humberts thought of the great folk of Paris. "The Humbert family had relations in all sorts of circles," says the present Minister of Justice, promising revelations. In this final act of their drama will be found in epitome all the characteristic ambitions of our commercialized social order.

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THE VENEZUELAN CRISIS.

Mr. Balfour's repudiation of that figment, a "pacific blockade," and his frank declaration that acts of war in Venezuela really constituted war, of which prompt notification would be made, as it has since been made, have resolved an awkward situation. The likelihood of our embroilment has been by so much diminished. Meanwhile, Venezuelan affairs have been debated in the Senate in executive session. Senator Teller is quoted as saying: "The Monroe Doctrine is sufficiently strong for us to use in denying the rights of any European Power to do anything on this continent that we believe is inimical to us and to our peace and safety." That is the definition of the Monroe Doctrine which was made by Daniel Webster in his celebrated speech on the Panama Mission. After pointing out that the general rule of national law is against interference in the transactions of other States, he said that there were exceptions when very grave dangers threatened the existence of one nation from the acts of another towards a third. Then he defined the kind of dangers he had in mind, saying:

> "It is not a slight injury, it is not even a great inconvenience, that makes out a case. There must be danger to our security, or danger, manifest and imminent danger, to our essential rights and our essential interests. . . . Our right to interfere in any such case is but the exercise of the right of reasonable and necessary self-defence."

Thus interpreted, the Doctrine is merely the translation, or adaptation, of a rule as old as ancient Rome and Carthage to the conditions in which we found ourselves in the Presidency of James Monroe. We then said that it would be a menace to our safety if European Powers should transfer their system of monarchical government to the American Continent, or enlarge the boundaries of the same as then existing. That which would have been dangerous to our safety in 1823 might not be so now, but we have interpreted the Doctrine to mean: No new European colonization or conquest on this side of the globe.

Thus far Mr. Teller's definition is in accord with reason and precedent, but if the report of his speech in executive session be correct, he went much beyond Mr. Webster or any other statesman of his period even. He maintained that if a nation is so poor that to enforce certain demands would destroy its independence, we must interfere; also, that "if we know the attack is made under the pretense of getting possession of territory, we must interfere." Any definition of Monroeism which depends upon our "knowing" that the designs of foreign Powers are different from what they avow, leads to a quagmire. It is a quagmire, too, in which the President of the United States may "know" one thing, and any Senator may know the opposite. Moreover, under the Teller definition, it is only necessary for a South American Government to keep itself very poor in order to have the warrant for committing any outrage against the rights of Europeans, since the enforcement of the demands for reparation might destroy its independence. Such definitions of the Doctrine seem better adapted to the needs of a Senator whose reëlection is pending than to the field of general diplomacy, but they serve to show what internal complications we are exposed to when the Venezuelan question is thrust into all pending Senatorial contests.

Upon the heels of this debate came the proposal for arbitration conveyed by Minister Bowen, on behalf of President Castro, to the allies, and their subsequent invitation to President Roosevelt to act as arbitrator of the claims of European governments against Venezuela. This is flattering to our national pride, and ought to be soothing to those who have had their Monroeism ruffled by recent events in South American waters. It is taken in all quarters as proof that the allied Powers have no sinister motive in sending their war-ships to La Guayra, and that they desire nothing but justice as we Americans shall find justice in the case. The reference to our Chief Magistrate disarms everybody on this side of the water, and for that reason alone is most gratifying.

It does not follow, however, that President Roosevelt ought to undertake the duties of arbitrator in the premises. The reasons why he should not are of the strongest. The first is, that there exists a tribunal of nations expressly created and exactly fitted to try such cases. The Hague Conference was a great step in the direction of peace on earth and good will toward men. First, an object of suspicion and even of derision, as having its origin in the breast of a military monarch and autocrat, it failed of its declared purpose of mutual disarmament, but it found the next best thing. If disarmament is ever to become possible, it must be made so by removing the causes of quarrel among nations. To this end the Hague Conference created a tribunal which should be open at all times for deciding what is right and just as between the governments and peoples that might avail themselves of it. This method of settling disputes is still in the experimental stage, but every case that comes before it establishes it more firmly in public opinion as a promoter of human happiness and of the world's progress. Each case so referred commits the participating nations to refer other disputes to it, and puts a kind of reproach upon those which refuse to do so. For this reason, if for no other, we ought to turn the Venezuelan case into that channel. Our influence in the premises is overwhelming, and we ought to use it to strengthen the Hague tribunal in the eyes of mankind.

The Hague tribunal is not exposed to suspicion of any kind. Whatever its decision may be, everybody will believe that it was reached without partiality. We cannot undertake to pass upon the claims against Venezuela without incurring some suspicion of national bias. Moreover, the nature of these claims raises questions of great perplexity—questions that should be determined by lawyers of the highest standing in the different countries which were parties to the Hague Conference, so that the judgment rendered may become a precedent. What kind of private claims may a government take up and press upon another government to the point of war? The practice of nations heretofore has been so various, so divergent, that there is really no law on the subject. Nothing is more needed than a decision which shall be generally accepted. It is hardly possible for one nation to make such a law for others, but it is possible that the Hague tribunal might do so.

Again, pecuniary claims are extremely perplexing. Even the most conscientious arbitrator is liable to be misled in passing upon them. Our own history supplies many cases in point. We had an arbitration with Mexico not many years ago, of which the agreed umpire was Sir Henry Thornton, the British Minister at Washington. Two claims of American citizens against Mexico for large amounts were presented and examined with great care, and much testimony was taken pro and con. Both were allowed by the arbitrator, but before the payments were completed it was found that they were wholly fictitious, having no more basis than Mme. Humbert's claim to the Crawford estate, which was itself non-existent. A little earlier we presented a batch of private claims against China which were allowed and paid, and after our Government had distributed to the claimants all that they were entitled to we had a large overplus. The Chinese Government refused to receive back the excess, because that would have involved the admission that the money had been wrongfully paid in the first instance, and the officials concerned would have lost their places if not their heads. So many are the pitfalls in claims for cash damages that the responsibility for passing judgment on them should be somewhat widely distributed, so that the blame for misjudgment may not fall upon a single head. Surely President Roosevelt would not wish to be held responsible for the decision in favor of the Weil and La Abra claims against Mexico.

Another, and not the least, reason why we should turn the Venezuelan case over to the Hague tribunal, instead of assuming the arbitration ourselves, is that the latter course would commit us to the rôle of arbitrator in future cases. Every similar dispute would be brought to us for determination. We should seldom be without one, and, when the novelty wore

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off, nothing would be found so irksome as the settlement of petty quarrels in which we have no interest. Undoubtedly the European Governments would consider our arbitration of the Venezuelan case as a sort of guarantee that the judgment would be carried out, but that should make us pause before assuming the task. It might be very embarrassing if we should decide that Venezuela owed some millions of dollars to those Powers and Venezuela should refuse to pay.

MARTENS AND ROOSEVELT.

Prof. Frederick Martens, the famous Russian publicist who presided over the Conference at The Hague, and is well known for his writings on international law, addresses some weighty words to Americans in last week's *Independent*. He points out, with the detachment of a foreigner and the acumen of an expert, the inevitable dangers of "contemporary American Imperialism." Admitting all that can be claimed for our recent conquests, as a proof of "power and vitality," this friendly authority warns us that we cannot possibly hope to attain such "brilliant results" through militarism as we have already achieved in the "peaceful sphere of commerce and trade." He is particularly strong on the viciousness of a colonial policy. Laying down what was, before 1898, a commonplace of American political doctrine, he says:

"Only those conquests form a real and solid basis for the development of the living forces of the conquerors which become incorporated with their very flesh and blood and form an organic part of their possessions. If the conquest is limited to the establishment of absolute power over the annexed territory, without its having been incorporated into the kingdom of the conquerors, the only possible result will be a subjugation that has to be maintained by a crushing physical force."

All this many hasty readers will be inclined to toss off as the jealous or scheming utterance of a Russian who wants his own country to do all the colonizing. But Professor Martens is supported by the very highest American authority. President Roosevelt himself has taken the same position, in almost identical language. Indeed, so closely does the Russian professor follow the ideas of the American thinker that he might be captiously accused of plagiarism. Mr. Roosevelt's views on colonies and a colonial policy were given to the world in 1896; yet so short-lived was the medium of publication which he chose, and so poor is the modern memory becoming, that probably nine-tenths of his party would indignantly deny that he had ever said anything of the kind. We suggest that a few sample sentences be submitted to eminent Imperialists at Washington and elsewhere, with the offer of a prize for a correct guess at the author. For example:

"The establishment of a colony prevents any healthy popular growth."

"At the present, the only hope of a colony that wishes to attain full moral and mental growth is to become an *independent state*."

"Under the best of circumstances a colony is in a false position. But if the colony is in a region where the colonizing race has to do its work by means of other inferior races, the condition is much worse."

"There is *no chance* for any *tropical* colony owned by a Northern race."

Incredible as it seems that such utterances should have been forgotten in six hurried years, there they stand, with many others equally significant, in the defunct magazine, the *Bachelor of Arts* for March, 1896, under the name of Theodore Roosevelt. He was as far then as any other American from entertaining the notion that it was our duty, or that it would be a good thing for the world, to go to chaotic peoples and restore them to order. "Mean and bloody," he wrote, though the history of the South American republics had been, "it is distinctly in the interest of civilization" that they should be left to "develop along their own lines." How far below the horizon then was the conception of "forcible civilization"! Our obligation to suppress "anarchy" in a distant island had not then been invented, nor had we come to perceive the duty of putting our hand to every "mean and bloody" government and making it altogether such as we are. A Filipino, turning back to the doctrines of Mr. Roosevelt's article of 1896, would ask nothing better than their application to his country.

Of course, Mr. Roosevelt was writing immediately after the Venezuelan troubles of 1895-6; and what he had in mind, as would be made clear by words we have omitted, was South American and West Indian colonies. But he laid down his doctrines—as he always does—under the guise of eternal truths. It was colonizing as such that he reprobated, and it was for the independent life of every struggling people that he contended. He would be the last man to say that a great principle which he had strongly asserted for tropical colonies in one degree of longitude did not hold good in another. Accordingly, we are entitled to claim him as in entire agreement with Professor Martens on this whole question of subject races and the true mission of America. When the Russian expresses concern at the rapid growth of our "war budget" in consequence of having colonies, he is only saying what Theodore Roosevelt did six years ago. He, too, perceived the danger of burdening ourselves with dependencies. "We do not wish to bring ourselves to a position where we shall have to emulate the European system of enormous armies." Holding these truths, as Mr. Roosevelt holds all his truths, with passionate conviction, and with the certainty that neither time nor place can affect their validity, it is only fair to presume that he is simply biding his time to put them in force.

"LABOR" HAVING ITS FLING.

These are great days for organized labor. Its leaders are as petted and deferred to as are those other spoiled children of our unbounded prosperity—the plunging speculators. Against the latter's recklessness in financial operations, President Roosevelt raised a warning voice. He said in one of his speeches that their rash methods in the stock market brought our very prosperity into peril. The same might be said of the current and extravagant demands of labor leaders. They, like the Wall Street adventurers, are taking advantage of the prosperous times to have their fling; but the reaction, the "next-morning" headache, is as certain to come in the one case as in the other.

For the present, however, no absurdity seems too extreme. The Eight-Hour law now pending in the Senate has been shorn in committee of some of the wilder provisions inserted by the House at the request of labor organizations, but, as it stands, retains some most vicious features. A penalty is fixed, not simply for requiring, but for *permitting*, a man to work more than eight hours in Government employ or on a Government contract. That is, the right of a workman freely to sell his labor is denied. He may be a non-unionist, ambitious to work longer hours for better pay, but the bill makes all such energy a misdemeanor. Could there be a more direct way of cutting the nerve of enterprise, and reducing, so far as a statute can reduce, American workingmen to a dead level of inefficiency and hopelessness? That the Eight-Hour law is understood by its authors to be a clog on activity and a premium on idleness is tacitly confessed in the provision that in "time of war," or "emergency," the act may be "waived." When work must be done, that is to say, the bill to prevent its being done has to get out of the way.

The ridiculous strike now in progress at the City Hall in this city illustrates another excess of folly on the part of organized labor. In this case, we have to do with the anise and cummin of "labor" ethics. It is not a question of union men or hours or wages. The contractor is more than ready to grant all that is asked of him in those particulars. But the strange man stands out against the demand of plasterers that they, not he, appoint a foreman to oversee the job, and that he pay the strikers full wages for all the time lost in refusing to work while disputing with him. Then there is a certain amount of plaster laid and marble set by the defiling hand of non-union labor. That must all be torn out, and a sort of ceremonial purification of the spot made, before a fastidious unionist can consent to enter the room. This is the very mummery of organized labor. It is but one instance of thousands that could be cited of unionism falling into a kind of sacrosanct notion of it-

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self, setting reason at defiance, and imperilling the comfort, health, and even lives of many people in order to assert a strained and transcendental claim. That this sort of unionism run mad can ultimately succeed is impossible; and we hope the municipal authorities will not make the serious mistake of trying in any way to induce the contractor for the City Hall repairs to budge from his sturdy attitude. In it he represents not only free labor, but common sense, as against an insane form of serfdom.

That a revolt against such absurdities in the name of labor is bound to come, we have not the slightest doubt. A standard was raised, we are glad to say, by Judge Gray in the strike hearings at Scranton on Thursday, to which honest men should be glad to repair. In manly fashion he spoke his mind about the infinite meanness and sneaking cowardice of the boycott, and poured hot shot into the ranks of the union intimidators. One of their favorite dodges of late has been to call indignantly for "legal evidence" that they or any of their union were guilty of the stoning and dynamiting and shooting that went on in the mining region. How do you know, they have asked, that it was not some outsider? Don't charge it to us unless you can prove it under the strict rules of evidence. But Judge Gray cut through this sophistry with one angry stroke. The boycotter and the midnight assassin, he observed, were just the kind of arrant cowards to take refuge behind the obscurities of legal evidence; and, for his part, he should refuse to rule out testimony because it was not of a technically correct sort. This is refreshing, whether we regard it as downright horse sense or as courage. Everybody is convinced that the stringent boycott and the outrages which created a reign of terror in the coal-fields were the work of the strikers; and for them to attempt to crawl out of responsibility because nothing but circumstantial evidence can be adduced, puts them in a position to which nothing less than Judge Gray's scarifying words could do justice. He deserves a vote of public thanks.

As we say, the extravagances of trades-unionism, which we now see so thick on every hand, are a sort of reflex of our years of prosperity. It is an era when "everything goes," whether in finance or in unionism, and repentance is put off till a more convenient season. It is altogether likely that it will soon be upon us, convenient or inconvenient, and that the preposterous assumptions of organized labor which are tolerated or even lauded to-day, will then be impatiently swept aside.

THE FIGHT FOR VIRGINIA.

A number of patriotic citizens of the State of Virginia, representing both the white and the colored races, are now engaged in a contest for the good name of their State and for its republican form of government. Their effort is to have the new Constitution of the State, which was proclaimed on July 10 of this year, declared illegal because of the manner in which it was drawn, because of its unjust discriminations in the matter of manhood suffrage, and because of its mode of promulgation.

At an election held in May, 1900, the people of Virginia voted in favor of the proposal for a Convention to revise the Constitution which had been submitted to them by the General Assembly. On February 16, 1901, the General Assembly, taking cognizance of the popular vote, provided for the election of delegates, for the meeting of the Convention, and for submitting the revised and amended Constitution to the people of the State of Virginia for ratification or rejection. It was specified that if the Convention completed its work before October 5, 1901, the voters of the State should pass upon it as a whole or by separate articles, at the election of November 5, 1901. Should the Convention fail to complete its work by that date, the next General Assembly was to enact such measures as it deemed proper for submitting the new Constitution to the people. In addition, the Democratic party, "by every method and by all the representative utterances through which political parties give pledges," pledged the submission of the Constitution to the people. The members of the Constitutional Convention duly assembled on June 12, 1901, and began their extraordinary career as a representative body by refusing to take any oath of office. This is held to have been a direct violation of Article iii., section 5, of the old Virginia Constitution, under which the Convention met, and the failure to take any oath of office is declared to have rendered all their proceedings null and void. None the less, the Convention sat until June 26, 1902, more than a year, and brought to completion a monstrous Constitution, comprising sixty-five pages of printed matter, eight pages of schedules, and twenty-four pages of registration ordinances—the result of its openly avowed intention to deprive American citizens of their suffrage merely because of their color.

Thus conceived, it was natural that an illegal method of ratification and promulgation should have been decided upon. A bare majority of a quorum of this convention refused to submit the new Constitution to the people or to leave the question of its submission to the next General Assembly as was specifically required by the law of February 16, 1901. After voting down propositions to refer it to the old electorate and to the new one provided in the new document, the Convention voted by less than a majority—forty-seven votes—to ordain the Constitution itself, although it contained many subjects never before embraced in any organic law of the State. This document was declared, by the proclamation of Gov. Montague, to be the will of the people of Virginia as expressed by their duly elected representatives, and went into force after an interval of only two weeks.

The Constitution achieves its main purpose of negro disfranchisement by the now familiar Southern way of registering voters. Not only are registering boards, consisting of three citizens, called for in this most extraordinary document, but the Convention actually *appointed* three persons in every magisterial district and in every city ward to serve during 1902 and 1903, thus depriving the Executive of the appointing power. What wonder that the citizens who have taken this matter into court denounce the Convention's acts as revolutionary, and assert that the appointees were only such men "as could be relied upon as partisans of the dominant faction to carry out its plans"? They further declare that "the autocrat of the Russian Empire has no more absolute mastery over the political forces of his empire, and is no more potent to control the membership and organization of every representative body in his realm, or the incumbency of every office in his dominions in perpetuity, than has the dominant faction of said Convention in Virginia, if this ordinance and Constitution are valid."

With the boards of registrars duly selected, the achievement of the outrage in view was easy. It was specified that only such voters should be registered as were "able to read any section of said Constitution submitted to them by said officers of registration, and to give a reasonable explanation of the same." If unable to read, the voter was to be able to understand or explain. This provision has been applied exactly as in the other Southern States. The most preposterous questions, which no constitutional lawyer of eminence could answer offhand, have been asked of negro citizens, men of means, probity, and standing, when they have sought to exercise the right of suffrage conferred upon them by the Congress and the people of the United States. In the city of Manchester, for instance, the number of colored voters has been reduced from 650 to 67; in the County of Kent the decrease is from 800 to 76; in Middlesex County from 1,113 to 237.

It is a credit to the State of Virginia that one of its sons, bearing an historic name, Mr. John S. Wise, has taken the lead in the attempt to restore a truly republican form of government in Virginia and to prevent the further consolidation of the oligarchy which now rules the State. Rightly believing that he and those with him are fighting in the interests of the white men of Virginia as well as of the black, he recently appeared in

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a test case before the United States Circuit Court of Appeals, which is directly vested with jurisdiction in cases of interference with the suffrage bestowed by the Federal Constitution. Chief Justice Fuller held, however, on the ground of the political character of the case, that the Circuit Court had no jurisdiction. An appeal has been taken to the Supreme Court. The matter will also be brought before the next House of Representatives, as it should be.

THE BEAUVAIS POTTERY.

PARIS, November, 1902.

Few people are interested in ceramics, yet it would seem that, if the arts are not essentially useless, we might find sympathy for that one of them which is most practical. For some reason that no wise man knows, a vessel, Greek, Chinese, or Japanese, gives us pleasure by its shape; and an artist, who feels these things more especially, obeys a need and an instinct as he turns the edge of his vase in or out. He designs it with such and such a curve, a straight line, an angle; at such and such a size; with just such a profile and just such a contour. If the work is good, nothing can change. In reduction or enlarged, it is spoiled as much as if it were drawn apart.

The question of color is more complicated. Ceramics are painted with enamels, of which, however, we know as yet only four or five that withstand the highest temperatures. The vessel has already been baked and is pottery when they are applied, one or more of them, in various ways, according to the purpose of the artist. Exactly what the action of the fire will then be, is not always possible to determine. A draught in the oven, an accident in the fuel, and other things have strange effects. Notwithstanding, the Chinese and Japanese managed not only to produce perfect monochromes, but also to glaze and to crack them in many ways; further, to run drops of one color down and into another, to superpose, to streak, and to dapple—all with an apparently sure hand. To regain this surety and to realize the colors with which he imagines his vessel endued, is the practical aim of the modern ceramist.

All this and many other details the best known of these artists, Delaherche, explained to me one evening, as we wandered home by the Seine, after dining at a friend's house. To talk further was useless; and so, with the generosity common to French artists, he suggested I should spend a day with him around his oven in the country (it happened he was baking that very week), and I should know the secrets of his art and life as well as I could. We started, a friend and I, early one morning, painfully cold and damp, for Beauvais. A little snow had fallen, and, as we had half an hour to wait there before taking a branch road further, we paid a visit to the cathedral. It looked all the higher for being white; the old Gothic builders had clearly dreamed in winter. We ran back to the station, and travelled on for half an hour. Getting out at Ons-en-Bray, we took the soaking road through country much like the Berkshire Hills. At the top of a long hill Delaherche met us, a big, tall man, huge round the waist, with a gray beard and black, sad eyes. Half a dozen little buildings and sheds are grouped on his land; four of them, end to end like a train of cars, stop at the chimney of his oven. The fire had been going since seven o'clock in the morning previous, and neither he nor his men had slept that night. It was fed by three slots with wood; through eyeholes you could look inside, into the reddish or white incandescent atmosphere. Twice samples were taken out with a prong, broken and tested, to see if the matter, still porous, was becoming vitrified. At half-past three the samples were satisfactory, the slots of the oven closed with slabs and mortar, and the oven left for a few days to cool. Four thousand kilos of wood had been burned.

Meanwhile we had lunched, talked, wandered about and smoked. Here were shelves of pottery, yet to be enamelled; there rows of unsatisfactory or discarded shapes and colors. One of the buildings contains on its walls all that Delaherche recognizes as his; and here I spent most of my time, much alone. His earlier style is massive and brutal, certain vases being some two feet high, with wild, violent enamelling. You can almost see him restraining himself as you pass to more manageable sizes (vases and goblets chiefly), when the red and green and blue are richer and duller; when the running of the second enamel in drips and drops from the rim is surer and stronger; when the general effect is more elastic, but no less solid. On a few shelves you then find what came out of the last baking in April. In general, the vase stands firm on the ground, while the line, as it rises, tapers slightly to a thin, subtle edge. Many vessels bear ribs, which add to the metallic quality of their color, for while the surface is never glazed, the tone under it vibrates, and coats of enamel, molten irregularly, hold the light without letting it follow round the shape. Of the colors, those which most struck me were a shade of olive green and another of gray blue, both used in monochrome and wonderfully rich and true. Here and there, on some specimens, were runs of gold, which had minutely crystallized and sunk into the primary color; when this is red, the effect is astonishing, and you hold the vessel without knowing what to say.

As evening fell, Delaherche came into the room and took up a piece here and there. One was a common brown jug, with a pattern cut round the body; it was one of his first attempts, and could once be bought, as it rarely was, for fifty centimes. "If I asked the same for what I do now," he added, "I should sell nothing. A lady came in here the other day and asked me for the best thing I had; when she learned it cost only a thousand francs, she was disgusted and left." He began life with little, and soon sunk all he could muster. Now that his reputation is made, he still has modest means, owing chiefly, as a friend of ours told me, to his throwing away all that doesn't quite succeed.

I was again left alone, as he went to get ready to go to town with us. It was clearly a strong, uncompromising man who worked and lived in this way, who lived out and loved his art. He was born in Beauvais, where, between building the cathedral and weaving tapestries, many human souls have found life long enough to work out in stone and dyed wools the patterns of their thought. I imagine they found their reward. Much in the same way their brother-citizen now lives on the hillside near them, carrying out, just as well as he is able, that something human which now becomes a picture, now a statue, and, in his case, a vase, a bowl, a pitcher; shaping and coloring them as he sees them, and spending his life upon so doing; finding pleasure and duty, and using his whole love in these things—like every one who ever has done anything well worth doing and well done. TRUMBULL STICKNEY.

PIERRE LOTI AT PONDICHERRY.

PARIS, December 4, 1902.

It has always been one of the ambitions of France to have a colonial empire, though it has often been said that the French are never so satisfied as when they are in France. They are the most self-centred, self-contented people in the world, yet they have founded at great expense colonies which afterwards fell into the hands of rival countries. "Sic vos non vobis" applies admirably to their colonial efforts. Since the unfortunate war of 1870, which deprived France of two provinces and laid open her eastern frontier to invasion, we have witnessed the creation of a colonial party, which has its representatives in the Chambers, its newspapers, its organization, and we may say its heroes, for the word is justly applicable to some of the famous explorers of late years. To be an "explorateur" has become the ambition of the most ardent of our young men; the extension of the French Colonial Empire is their dream; it is the form assumed by the idea of the "revanche." If France has lost ground in Europe, she must find new regions on the earth's surface in which to develop her energies and extend her influence. I saw not long ago a map which showed that the present colonial empire of France is sixteen times larger than the superficies of France proper. Time will disclose if this stupendous effort will be recompensed, if there be any delusion in this appearance of greatness, and if once again the old "Sic vos non vobis" will assert itself at our expense.

I recently made these reflections when reading an article by Pierre Loti under the title, "Dans l'Inde des Grandes Palmes." Loti does not pretend to be a philosopher or a political economist; but he is such an admirable painter of what comes under his eyes that he always deserves to be read, and can be read with profit even by those who do not care solely for the magic of style. I will not dilate upon his descriptions of India, of the marvellous rock of Tanjore, of its great temple, of the processions around it; on his visit to Madura, its temple, and its priests; and will pause at once at Pondicherry. This name recalls to my mind the struggles of old times, the rivalry of France and England, when they both sought domination over India; great names now almost forgotten. "Of all the names of our ancient colonies which charmed my boyish imagination," says M. Loti, "the names of Pondicherry and Goree were those which threw me into the most indescribable dreams of exoticism and distance. When I was about ten years old, a great-aunt of mine, very

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old, spoke to me one evening of a friend of hers who had resided in Pondicherry, and read to me a passage from one of her letters, dated at least half-a-century before, in which there was mention of palm-trees, of pagodas." Pondicherry still retains enough importance in French eyes to have a representative in our Parliament. After the war of 1870, when everything was uncertain, and when a Constituent Assembly was chosen with the mission of deciding the form of government, Pondicherry was not forgotten, and a descendant of one of the early governors of the colony took his place among the representatives of the country. I am not personally favorable to the representation of colonies in Parliament, as their deputies are invariably nominees of the Government; but the honor paid, in this instance, to Pondicherry is a touching homage to the past—a sort of tie between old France and modern France.

These were Loti's first impressions on arriving:

"Oh, the melancholy of entering this remote and charming little town, where sleeps, between old walls, a whole French past! Little streets much like our own in our most tranquil provinces; little streets, very straight, with low whitewashed houses, a hundred years old, on a red soil; garden walls from which fall garlands of tropical plants; iron-barred windows, behind which one sees the pale faces of Creole women or *métis*, too pretty, with some of the Indian mystery in their eyes. Rue Royale, Rue Dupleix—one sees the names engraved on stone, in letters of the eighteenth century, such as I remember having seen on old corner houses in my native place; Rue Saint-Louis—Quay de la Ville Blanche—quay with a *y*."

Who ever goes nowadays to Pondicherry? The little town is like a fossil in a geological stratum—it lives only because it has lived; it has no port, no industry, no electricity; it has even no transit; it sees no strangers, no tourists.

"On the sea front," writes Loti, "a garden, where a band plays in the evening and where one sees, while the sun sets, a few babies, rather pale, some brought from France, the others born in exile. There, among the fine tropical trees around the statue of Dupleix, are a number of columns, so tall and slender that one would almost think them ship's masts; they are precious monoliths, cut in granite, in the fine Indian style, witnesses of our past greatness. The Maharajah of the country once offered them to this same Dupleix, to adorn the palace of France, which, alas! has never been built."

Not that there are no palaces in Pondicherry. "Pondicherry, a city of palaces," say the Hindus; but they give this name to the Government houses, fine old buildings with columns like those of Greek temples. These are inhabited by the officers and the functionaries of the colony, who are now nearly the only representatives of the metropolis. There are, however, some old Creole families left, which, after four or five generations, form a sort of variety of the French race.

"Old ladies," says Loti, "with nice and a little superannuated manners; old drawing-rooms with a melancholy charm, with chairs of the eighteenth century, clocks in the Louis XVI. or Empire style, sent here by way of the Cape of Good Hope, when nobody could foresee the Egyptian passage, clocks which have counted the hours of so many languid lives, which have given precision to so many exiles' agonies. . . . It may seem infantine, but the old clocks which I find in the colonies often speak long to my soul."

Speaking of the indigenous city, which lies behind the "white city," Loti tells us that it is very large, animated, full of life, with its bazaars; but even there the Hindus are Frenchified—they care for France, at least, they like to say. He was entertained at a purely Hindu club created in order to favor the reading of French reviews and books; he visited a school where the French language is taught to Hindu boys, "with delicate bronze faces, very well brought up, very courteous, dressed like little rajahs, with velvet gowns embroidered with gold." Loti describes in an almost untranslatable manner, and with an abundance of precise and vivid traits, a banquet given to him in the house of the richest of these Hindu-French.

"The host, on my arrival, ties round my neck, with several strings, a collar of natural jessamine, which scents and inebriates me; he also perfumes me with rose-water, contained in a flask of silver with a long neck. The heat is suffocating. Over the invited guests, who are seated—the great majority have brown heads with turbans shining with gold—there is a swaying of gigantic fans, painted leaves which are balanced by standing and naked servants; and their nakedness seemed stranger, amidst this gaudy crowd, where even the men wear diamonds on their heads and about their waists."

A famous dancer has been sent for, in honor of Loti; she comes from one of the temples of the south, and belongs to the service of Shiva. She is very dear and very celebrated; an Indian star. I despair of translating the elaborate description of her dance, and content myself with this final remark of Loti's, who seems to have been enraptured by this *bayadère* while she danced, and almost shocked by her calm indifference after she had gone through her performance. "What," he asks, "can there be in the soul of a *bayadère* of an old race, of an ancient caste, daughter, grand-daughter, great-grand-daughter of *bayadères*, atavistically prepared during hundreds and thousands of years to be nothing but a creature of illusion and of pleasure?"

Loti spent but a short time in Pondicherry, and was quite surprised to leave it with so much regret. It seemed to him that the little old French city had taken possession of him; he had found in it old memories and associations. Pondicherry has but two hotels, both very modest; he chose the one on the seashore, "an old house, with the air of a lordly manor, dating from the foundation of the place, and hiding its age under whitewash." He had become attached to his room, "windows with green shutters opening on the immensity of the Indian Ocean." As in certain Creole drawing-rooms, he had centenary chairs.

"Everything was dry-rotted; one dared not sit too hard, or to get into bed rudely. . . . Oh, the tranquil melancholy of mid-day, when the tropical sun overpowered the silent little streets, with their old-fashioned names! Neither in my room nor anywhere about was there any indication of modern times; nothing to fix an epoch, either on the solitary terraces or far away on the blue expanse, deserted and infinite. And what calm was in the men who were occupied in preparing their stacks of grain, and made one think of scenes of colonial life! Then, forgetting our fever, our agitation, our rapid steamers, I thought myself returned to France with the slowness which multiplied the distance tenfold, rounding Africa in capricious sailing ships."

We must not expect M. Loti to give us any documentary evidence on the present state of the little colony, on its productions, its exports and imports. He is a poet, not an economist. He does not reckon the expense of maintaining the colony; he does not give us the list of its numerous officials; it is to him a piece of old France, and as such he admires and loves it.

Correspondence.

THE HAY-BOND TREATY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The text of the Hay-Bond treaty has at last been made public, and all can recognize that it is on the whole a sensible arrangement. Capt. Sol Jacobs, the leading fishing skipper out of Gloucester, has given the treaty his hearty approval. It will be of immense benefit to the Banking fleet, relieving them of dues which are very heavy, amounting to from $300 to $500 on little schooners of about 100 tons. The opposition to the treaty in the Senate will not come from the fishermen, but only from a small ring of fish dealers in Gloucester. It will form one of the most remarkable incidents in the history of protection in the United States if this small, selfish gang of monopolists shall by any chance defeat the measure, or even produce a strong opposition to its approval in the Senate. Their avowed tactics are to produce delay, and eventually to kill the treaty. What must be the state of public opinion in a country when a dozen small dealers can endanger the passage of a treaty whose object is to give free entry to fish products and to cheapen the food of a great nation?

Reading between the lines, one can see how a sop has been thrown to the protectionist Cerberus. Fresh codfish is not included—a most extraordinary anomaly when we consider the wholly inadequate supply of cod brought into your markets. At the present time its price is from 100 to 200 per cent. dearer than the same fish in Europe. Why the most substantial and palatable of all the salt-water fishes, the beef of the sea, should be excluded "bates Banaher entirely." Slates for buildings, which are most abundant in Newfoundland, are limited by the treaty—the sacred rights of the American workman are preserved; they must be untrimmed, and only a Yankee mason can square the sides or make the nailholes.

We hope the treaty will come into operation, notwithstanding the Gloucester fish ring. Its results will be to add largely to the fish supply of the United States. Newfoundland is one of the greatest salmon-producing countries in the world. Attention is now being paid to the protection of its rivers, and if this is kept up adequately for a few years, the supply of this splendid fish will be immensely increased. At present the supply of the world is quite unequal to the demand. London alone is every year short by 1,000 tons of its proper supply of salmon. The new treaty will have the effect of largely increasing transportation of fish by cold storage, which is now only in its infancy in the colony. Combined with rapid transit, there is no reason why Newfoundland's splendid catch of salmon, lobster, turbot, capelin, and herring should not be sent fresh three times a week to the States. Already two

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wealthy companies are making offers to the local Government to inaugurate cold storage on a large scale on the west coast.

All honor must be paid to the Newfoundland Premier, Sir R. Bond, for the dogged perseverance and diplomatic ability he has shown in carrying out this treaty. It is to be hoped that reciprocity with Newfoundland is only the precursor to further treaties of the same enlightened character.

D. W. PROWSE.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND, December 16, 1902.

CRIME AND OUR COLORED POPULATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Will "W. H. B." please inform the public where he gets authority for the extraordinary statement in his communication to the *Nation* of December 18, that, "in proportion to their numbers, the educated Negroes were more criminal than the illiterate," according to the census of 1890?

The 1890 census report on Crime, Part I., page 172, and the 1890 report on population, Part II., pp. xxx. ff., show conclusively, as it seems to me, that the 42.90 per cent. of the Negro population who can read and write furnish 38.88 per cent. of all Negro prisoners, while the 57.10 per cent. of the population who are illiterate, in the census use of the term (*i. e.*, cannot write), furnish 61.12 per cent. of the crime. This is not only true of the nation as a whole, but it is also true of every section, North as well as South, except the West, where there are less than 25,000 Negroes—a number manifestly too small for generalization. In other words, in proportion to their numbers, the illiterate Negroes were in 1890 more criminal than the educated. Moreover, of all the 24,277 Negro prisoners, only 321 had any education above that of the common schools, while over 2,000 were either mechanics or apprenticed to a trade.

Again, when "W. H. B." dwells on the higher proportion of criminals among Northern than among Southern Negroes, does he remember that half the Northern Negroes were bred and born in the South, and are thus products of Southern conditions; and that it is this half which is furnishing the larger part of the black criminals of New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago?

W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS.

ATLANTA UNIVERSITY, GA., December 20, 1902.

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL IN ROME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The implications contained in a review of the Papers of the British School at Rome, in your issue of October 16, are due to ignorance, on the part of the reviewer, of the true conditions. His statement that the annual expenditure of the British School is "only about one-sixth of the amount at present required by its American forerunner," is doubtless true; but, in the two years of its existence, the British School has had one pupil, while during the same two years there have been fifty at the American School. The British School has given no lectures nor organized any trips in Italy or Greece. The American School has given at least one lecture every day during the term, and has paid German and Italian specialists to give courses on Rome and Pompeii, and has sent its students to Greece under the charge of a trained scholar. In number of books and magazines bought during the last two years the American School has gone far ahead of its most friendly rival, the British School.

Your reviewer refers to the "American School in Rome, which publishes in the *American Journal of Archæology* papers by its youthful and previously untrained students." It is true that most of our students have at one period or another been youthful, but the reviewer will find that the number of papers printed by our students is extremely small, and unprejudiced criticism will, I believe, not find in them any exceptional signs of youth or lack of training.

Your reviewer also errs in regarding Mr. Ashby as in any sense a real student of the British School. Mr. Ashby is an archæologist of private means who has spent the last eight years in Rome, and gave a course of lectures at the American School last winter. It is only by using the word in a very different sense that he can be called a student of the British School, if the same word student be applied to the members of the American School.

So far as the maps are concerned to which your reviewer draws attention, they are, so far as actual map-making goes, merely copies of the regular Government maps from which certain details and contour lines have been erased, while archæological notes have been added.

Meanwhile, we here appreciate the fine quality of the work done by Mr. Rushforth and Mr. Ashby probably more than your reviewer is able to do; and if he will supply two or three students here with abundant leisure and ample means we will try to rival their production.

Respectfully yours,

RICHARD NORTON, Director.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES IN ROME, November 4, 1902.

[The former of the two references in our review to the American School in Rome stated an interesting fact of comparison, but intimated no censure, and challenged no defence. The latter reference certainly may be taken to imply criticism (and no educational institution can properly hold itself to be exempt from criticism), but its accuracy is unquestioned, and there is not an appearance of unkindness in it. It is merely in accord with an expression of opinion prevalent in both this and foreign countries upon published work thus prominently called to public attention. We are glad, however, to publish the Director's comment on the fact.

We cannot have "erred in regarding Mr. Ashby as in any sense a real student of the British school," for we happened not to refer to him in that capacity at all; but, in justice to the truth, we must remark that Mr. Ashby is duly recorded, and records himself on the title-page of his monograph, as "student of the British School at Rome." The British School, evidently, like its German and French compeers, attracts just such advanced students. We only wish the American School were as fortunate.

We are quite unable to understand the exception taken to our simple remark that "eight detailed maps of the region on the large scale of 1:25000 accompany [Mr. Ashby's] article." It is certainly true; and we had not supposed that any archæologist would be expected to attempt the impossible task of carrying out anew and by himself the vast scheme of triangulations and other surveys that the Italian Istituto Geografico Militare has, through its maps, put at the disposition of every student.—ED. NATION.]

Notes.

Volume 4 of the generous 'Variorum and Definitive Edition of the Poetical and Prose Writings of Edward FitzGerald' (Doubleday, Page & Co.) consists wholly of the six dramas after Calderon, published by Pickering in 1853. The chief interest of this reprint lies in the author's interlinear emendations, which are especially abundant in "Three Judgments at a Blow." They deserve examination, for they testify to FitzGerald's taste when applied in self-criticism. In no single instance, we think, will there be a disposition to prefer the original reading to his second thought. With the Omar quatrains, we all know, this was not the case with author or public.

Edgar Mayhew Bacon's 'The Hudson River, from Ocean to Source; Historical, Legendary, Picturesque,' with its 100 illustrations and sectional map (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is evidently put forth as a companion volume to 'The Mohawk Valley,' issued a year ago by the same publishers. Like that work, it bears internal evidence that its chapters were written as separate essays and have been little altered when gathered into a volume. Hence the work has neither unity nor completeness. In scope it is limited to descriptive stories and legends of the shores of the tidal river only, from the Battery to Troy; precisely the waters over which Henry Hudson sailed "from Ocean to Source," as he and the present author have supposed. The great river as a unit, the dramatic contrast between its headwaters in a wilderness still primeval and its discharge by the wharves of the New World's greatest oceanport, its influence on the courses of war, of commerce, of population, are themes neglected or deliberately ignored. This understood, the book is acceptable as a collection of lore concerning many ancient and interesting towns and hillsides, presented in pleasing text and illustrations. Statistics and other information of cyclopædic character are carefully avoided, but the historical references are usually accurate, and the occasional errors in one chapter are often contradicted in another, thus doing little harm. Those who are interested in the subject will wish to own the book, but should take a preliminary course of training with dumb-bells before attempting to handle it, for, though an octavo of less than 600 pages, it weighs four pounds and six ounces.

Mrs. Arthur Bell's knowledge of art has been so reinforced by research into early Christian history and legend that she can insist on the student's being "as thoroughly in touch with the subjects treated as

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were the artists themselves." Her book on the 'Evangelists, Apostles, and Other Early Saints' is now followed by 'Lives and Legends of the Great Hermits and Fathers of the Church, with Other Contemporary Saints' (London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan), which covers the hagiology of 300 to 700 A. D. Of the numerous illustrations, few are familiar, and but three by recent painters—Burne-Jones, Lord Leighton, and Puvis de Chavannes. A third volume in the series is promised, to deal with mediæval subjects, chiefly English.

The Century Co. makes a pretty book of Ruth McEnery Stuart's amusing magazine short story, 'Napoleon Jackson: The Gentleman of the Plush Rocker,' with illustrations. It is the thousand and first contribution to that stock of negro fiction and studies which the abolition of slavery seems rather to have stimulated than discouraged.

Mrs. Ethel E. Bicknell's 'Praise of the Dog: An Anthology' (London: Grant Richards; New York: Dutton) is a very attractive pocketable volume of tastefully selected prose and verse. The arrangement is chronological, from Cicero to the present day. Pope's "Lo, the Poor Indian," Goldsmith's "Elegy on the Death of a Mad Dog," Cowper's "Dog and Water-Lily," Spencer's "Gêlert," Wordsworth's "Fidelity," Scott's "Death of Keeldar" and "Helvellyn," Byron's epitaph on "Boatswain," Butcher and Lang's version of Homer's episode of the dog of Odysseus, are here, with much else that is either classic or good, despite the omissions for which the compiler needlessly apologizes.

Tardy mention befalls the two delightful new tiny "Bairn-books" (London: Dent; New York: Dutton). One is 'The Book of the Zoo,' the other 'The Book of Shops,' and this latter is a really clever vehicle of practical information for little folk about shops and shopping, with a chapter on the post-office. The series continues to be distinguished by its colored pictures and its clear, large print.

The purpose of Gerald Stanley Lee, in 'The Lost Art of Reading' (G. P. Putnam's Sons), appears to be the expression of ordinary ideas in an extraordinary way. The result is a book of essays which cannot be commended except to persons of abundant leisure, for it is fatiguing to read even three or four pages at a single sitting. Mr. Lee deserves, however, the kind of praise that was given to the preacher who was told, when coming down from the pulpit, "That was a fine text you gave us this morning." Some of his topics, as, for instance, "The Country Boy in Literature" and "On Reading Books through their Backs," are aptly chosen.

The volume on 'Hampstead and Marylebone,' contributed to "The Fascination of London" series by G. E. Mitton (London: A. & C. Black; New York: Macmillan), deals with a section of the metropolis which is not particularly rich in historic interest. The compiler has, however, shown much diligence in the collection of his material, and has produced what will be a useful supplement to the guide-book. Hampstead has a special association with the 'Survey of London,' as its general editor, Sir Walter Besant, lived within this district.

An unusually diligent and unselfish career is described in 'Sir Isaac Pitman: His Life and Labors,' by Benn Pitman, a brother of the subject of the memoir. Sir Isaac was known the world over as the inventor of the system of phonography. His efforts for the introduction of phonetic spelling, which he thought more important than the simplification of shorthand, were less successful. One of the most interesting features of this biography is its account of the long process of experimenting by which the inventor of the phonographic system improved on his original scheme. It often happened that the simplest and most convenient method was the last to come. The chapter on Sir Isaac Pitman's physical and mental traits relates that he worked at his desk from 6 A. M. till 9 or 10 P. M. all the year round, and that for fifty years he rarely, if ever, took a holiday. He was a vegetarian, and seldom took a meal away from home. He died in 1897, in his eighty-fourth year. The day before his death he dictated an article for his magazine.

In 'Indian Fables,' by Ramasvami Raju (Dutton), we have a collection of tales forming an interesting parallel to the Greek collection, but unfortunately not shown to be independent of the latter. No place or date is assigned to any one of the fables, and "Reynard," for jackal, is characteristic of the conventionalizing which prevents the book from becoming a useful addition to the science of Æsopology, if one may so name this subdivision of mythology. But children enjoy the stories, and perhaps this is all the collection was made for.

We have received from Henry Frowde the second and concluding volume of Mr. C. L. Shadwell's 'Registrum Orielense,' which carries down the list of members of Oriel College, Oxford, from 1700 to 1900, the former volume having covered the centuries 1500-1700. For the particulars obtained in the college books the account of each member is practically exhaustive. The College has undergone the usual social change, and the obliteration of distinctions has, in the editor's view, been greatly aided by the rise and spread of athletics, which identifies "the whole body with the success or disgrace of its representatives on the cricket field or the river," and so helps "to stimulate college patriotism." In former days, students from abroad were compelled to deposit a larger sum in "caution money" than native residents, and Ireland was placed in this category along with America. The index contains many familiar names. Here is the father of the Froude family, with the historian and his two brothers Hurrell (Richard and Robert) Froude; here the two Mozleys, J. B. and Thomas, of Tractarian renown. Blanco White was an Oriel man; so was Thomas Hughes, and conspicuously Cecil John Rhodes. The Buller family has frequented the College. There is one (a late) instance of Parnell; several Wilberforces occur in the period 1820-1840, and four Pepyses, 1823-1893.

Prettily made at the Clarendon Press, M. Charles Bonnier's 'La Lignée des Poètes Français au XIXe Siècle' announces a new theory of selection. The book is to show the derivation of poet from poet for a century by choosing those quintessential stanzas and lines, often few, in which this filiation is apparent. Practically the book consists of a running comment, poet by poet, interspersed with selections often only of a few lines. Thus, in one way or another, all the French poets from Lamartine to Verhaëren are represented. The Symbolists, in fact, have a majority of the forty pages. An essay on rhyme by the editor completes the booklet. No one who wishes forty pages of scraps of the best French verse of a hundred years past need hesitate because of its ambitious pretensions to buy this little book for pocket service. M. Bonnier's doctrine, like Spenser's allegory, won't bite.

There are many great treatises upon mental diseases, but 'A Text-Book of Insanity,' by Charles Mercier (Macmillan), is a small, clear volume, which should serve as a guide for pupils, and, as well, for medical practitioners who meet insanity casually. It is a book of discrimination, not of conduct. It teaches diagnosis, not treatment. The key to its method is the distinction drawn between forms and varieties of insanity. Form is the aggregation of symptoms presented at one time; variety is the specific course from beginning to end, usually associated with a recognized cause. Designed for use with the author's oral lectures, the book is nevertheless admirably fitted for independent study. But it has no index.

The first annual meeting of the National Association for the Study of Epilepsy was held in Washington in May, 1901, and its Transactions, edited by W. P. Letchworth, LL.D., have just been published at Buffalo. The State's care of these unfortunates is of very recent history in this country, so that this society is really doing pioneer work. That it is full time appears when we find that Connecticut has 542 such cases, and Ohio and Illinois about 4,500 and 6,000, respectively. The outlook for all not due to accident is very gloomy; but, however improbable recovery may be, humanity requires that organized and intelligent attention be given them. To enlighten and stimulate the public is the object of this association, which should especially appeal to those whose kindred are affected, and to the public-spirited. The usefulness of this handsomely printed volume, too, is seriously impaired by its want of an index.

The sixteenth volume of Mr. Charles F. Lummis's *Out West* (Los Angeles and San Francisco) reveals at a glance by its size the prosperous turn in its fortunes. It now bulks 700 pages, replete, as usual, with pictorial illustration, articles on Pacific Coast localities, translations of inedited documents in early Western history (like the Diary of Junípero Serra), notices of the aborigines, poetry, fiction, and politics (in the editor's own "Lion's Den"). There is a striking portrait of the late C. P. Huntington; another, quite Rembrandtesque, of John Muir, who is also shown standing "at home" in the open. *Out West* is the organ of the "Sequoya League," "to make better Indians and better-treated ones," President Jordan, of Stanford University, being president once again, and surely to his honor. Sequoya, we are reminded, was "the American Cadmus," "the only Indian that ever invented a written language." This Cherokee's name has long been associated with the big trees of California.

"Magyar Types" is a collection of ethnographical half-tones, published by Dr. Johann Jankó, under the auspices of the Royal Hungarian Ministerium für Cultus und Unterricht (Budapest). A German text of introduction and descriptions accompa-

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nies the Hungarian. In view of the fact that, on the basis of language, ethnologists rank the Magyars, together with the Finns, as of Mongoloid stock, the importance to science of any exhibitions of the physical type of the pure Magyar is at once apparent. The present collection is far more extensive and exact than Ripley's in his 'Races of Europe.' The effort has been made by Dr. Jankó to fix upon districts "whose population is homogeneous historically, linguistically, and ethnographically," and there to collect his types. The photographs he has reproduced are labelled scientifically under the items of name, occupation, age; color of eyes, hair and beard; shape of nose, stature, circumference of head, and cephalic index. The subjects are all peasant farmers, and the most noticeable physical feature is that of pronounced brachycephaly. This is sometimes excessive (93.2 in one case), but is unaccompanied by any other consistently Mongoloid character. The halftones are only passable, yet they serve their purpose better than a lengthy description could do. It is to be hoped that the series will be continued.

While our country has one well-endowed chair, and Great Britain five professors of Chinese, albeit meagrely endowed, the Netherlands have, in their State University at Leyden, a permanent chair of Chinese, which has been occupied by men of such illustrious names as Siebold, Hoffman, and Gustaaf Schlegel, whose products in the *Archiv*, the Japanese Grammar, and the publication *Toung Pao* are known to all scholars. Dr. Schlegel celebrated on the 27th of October the silver anniversary of his accession to the chair of the Chinese language and literature in Leyden University. Abundant congratulations from his admirers at home and in many lands, and from the learned societies of which he is corresponding member, flowed in upon him. He is appreciated especially for his keen insight and his invincible patience in the mastery, above all, of epigraphic problems. Born at Oegstgeest, near Leyden, he became in 1857 a student of Hoffman, and in 1862 was made an officer in the Chinese School in Batavia. He received his doctorate in 1869 from the University of Jena. He served from 1867-1872 on the commission for revising the civil code of laws for Netherlands India. Returning to Holland, he entered his university in 1875, and in 1877 was made full professor. Over 200 monographs or notable articles in profound Chinese scholarship, some of them solving problems which others had given up, have issued from his pen.

The Association for Promotion of Scientific Research by Women announces that applications should be received before March 1, 1903, for the American Women's Table at the Zoölogical Station at Naples. Application blanks for the use of candidates, items relating to the expense of living at Naples, and full information as to the advantages for research at the station, may be obtained from the Secretary, Cornelia M. Clapp, Mount Holyoke College, South Hadley, Mass.

—Professor Byerly's paper, "Raise the Standard of the A. B. Degree," Prof. George F. Moore's on "The Field of an Undenominational School of Theology," and Prof. J. H. Wright's on "The Printing of the Doctor's Dissertation," all in the current *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, deserve the attention of the college and university world. So does the caustic conclusion of a little note in vindication of an early Harvard oarsman and coach: "There shone conspicuous and undimmed his own high standard of what a college athlete should be and represent; a standard which may well be taken to heart in these days when, under a multiplication of rules and regulations considered necessary to secure athletic honesty, a man may not safely enter into an athletic contest except upon advice of counsel, and performance on the field or river may not be accepted until the case has been argued." As for Harvardiana proper, noticeable are the portraits of five Harvard men now ambassadors to as many of the leading countries of Western Europe; and the flashlight group of the Harvard Club at Japan, taken last June at Tokio. The magazine publishes some curious statistics of its own circulation: Dividing the classes still extant (from one living member upwards) into two parts (1829-1868, in which period only two classes had attained or exceeded 100 members, and 1869-1902, when membership has ranged from 111 to 477), it appears that the former counts 1,092 survivors and 427 subscribers; that is, nearly 40 per cent. show their interest in Alma Mater by supporting the magazine, and supply 16 per cent. of the total academic subscriptions. The division in question marks accurately enough the non-athletic from athletic Harvard.

—The naïveté of Miss Elizabeth L. Banks's self-revelation in 'The Autobiography of a "Newspaper Girl"' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) will shock many old-fashioned readers, but if they will persevere for a few chapters their prejudices against the writer will probably be as completely overcome as were Mrs. Lynn Linton's. In spite of their frank egotism, these memoirs have no affinity with books of the Marie Bashkirtseff and Mary McLane type; they are a straightforward record of battles fought and successes won. If Miss Banks had waited thirty years or so longer, the publication of her autobiography would not have threatened her with any disparaging comment, but in that case the book would have lost half its value, for it would have missed the opportunity of warning and encouraging those young journalists, especially women journalists, whose work has to be done in the same conditions as those here described. The future historian of nineteenth-century journalism will obtain more light from the story of Miss Banks's career than from many more pretentious volumes, especially through the contrasts it presents between the pursuit of this profession in London and New York. The general impression of the author's own ideals and practice is a most favorable one, with one disagreeable exception—the repeated evidences of her fondness for what are euphemistically called "white lies." There is proof enough here that Miss Banks is willing to make great sacrifices for the sake of principle, and it is a pity that her testimony should be marred by the disclosure of an imperfectly cultivated conscience in this respect. It is worth noting that, according to Mr. Stead, the American publishers of this autobiography have insisted on the omission of a chapter in which Miss Banks criticised a certain American lady philanthropist. The comparison of English and American editions of the same books seems likely to become soon as interesting a study as the collation of ancient manuscripts.

—'Observations,' by Mr. Dooley (New York: R. H. Russell), has attracted, naturally, less attention than the author's earlier volumes; but they seem to maintain fairly the level of the latter. The following is his reproduction of his friend Hogan's account of "up-to-date" geology, and the genesis of the Earth and Religion: "First 'twas a mere squdge in which ne'er a livin' thing could be found. This peryod lasted a few millyion years, and thin th' mush caked and become buildin' materyal, and threes grew out iv th' buildin' materyal an' fell down an' become coal. Thin the wather come—but where it come fr'm I don't know, f'r they was no God at the time—an' covered th' earth, and thin th' wather evaporated and left little pints iv land shtickin' up with ready-made men an' women occupyin' thim, an' at that moment the Bible begun." This, for abstract science, is good. The earlier political satire, such as that which described the relations of the late Administration with the White House pet cat "Goold Bonds," was more pungent, and at one time Mr. Dooley seemed likely to become a great political satirist; but he has the "defects of his qualities," and one of these is a lack of fundamental political conviction. His life on Archey Road, and his early training as a ward politician, were not calculated to produce this. To him Imperialist and Anti-Imperialist, Republican and Democrat, Mr. "Rosenfelt" and those who try to get offices from Mr. Rosenfelt (with the disastrous results graphically described in "White House Discipline"), are equally ridiculous. In fact, it is as an "all-round" humorist that Mr. Dooley shines. He belongs to the great class of those who live to make us laugh at ourselves in all our aspects. This attitude involves occasional satire, but of a kindly and what, to those interested in the fray, often seems aimless kind. In other words, when we are disappointed in Mr. Dooley we exclaim, "How have we and those who write for us fallen off since the days of Lowell!" When we enjoy his 'Observations,' we remember that, from the days of Aristophanes down, pure humor has been without *parti pris*.

—The 'Compiled Statutes of the United States, 1901,' is the title of a work in three volumes and over four thousand pages, just issued from the well-known legal press of the West Publishing Company (St. Paul). It embraces the statutes of the United States of a general and permanent nature in force March 4, 1901, and incorporates under the section headings of the Revised Statutes the subsequent laws, together with explanatory and historical notes. The author of the compilation is John A. Mallory, whose work on the Revised Statutes themselves and "subsequent experience" make him, the publishers say, "the best-fitted man in the United States to-day for the task of compiling the general laws." He has also had the assistance of "trained editors upon the staff of the publishers." The scope of the work is explained in a short preface, which we may condense as follows: Any one who wished to look up a point under one of the sections of the Re-

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vised Statutes (before the appearance of the present publication) was obliged to search first the Revised Statutes themselves and then the various supplements, which supplements, however, "are nothing more than a condensation of the Statutes at Large," reproducing the statutes "in chronological order, not revised or consolidated." All these supplements had to be examined, "because many provisions contained in them, as well as in the Revised Statutes, have been repealed or superseded or amended (and often reamended) by later provisions." This new compilation, on the other hand, collects all the general laws, arranges them according to subject-matter, under the familiar titles of the Revised Statutes. To sum up the whole story, it contains "everything that should be included in a new revision if one were now to be made." Such a compilation should be a useful book of reference. It labors, of course, like all books of its class, under one disadvantage—it is not a Government publication; it has no legislative sanction, no official authority, and consequently is only "one more book." He who in preparing his brief is lucky enough to have it at his elbow may be saved much labor, but it will not dispense him from the duty of looking through the Revised Statutes, or the supplements to the Revised Statutes, or, we may add, through current legislation subsequent to both Revised and Compiled Statutes. Voluminous indices and tables, nearly six hundred pages in extent, crown the work.

—The 'Jeanne d'Arc' of Mr. T. Douglas Murray (McClure, Phillips & Co.) will be made welcome in many a college library which is prevented by poverty from buying the rare and expensive volumes of Quicherat. The Maid of Orleans already has her numerous biographers, and Mr. Murray's name does not go to swell the list. His function, though apparently more modest, is none the less important, for he turns into plain English and presents in accessible form the most remarkable documents which are connected with her career. Every one knows that, some time after her capture, Joan was tried at Rouen by a special tribunal and found guilty of being "boastful, foolish, treacherous, deceitful, cruel, bloodthirsty, seditious, blasphemous, undutiful, rash, a fatalist, uncharitable, idolatrous, schismatical, apostate, and finally a heretic." This unpleasant list of epithets meant, of course, that she should lose her life, and burned she was, as all the world remembers. But probably all the world does not remember that the *procès-verbal* of her trial was exhumed by Jules Quicherat and published at Paris in 1841, under the title, 'Procès de Condamnation et de Réhabilitation de Jeanne d'Arc.' The death sentence was pronounced in 1431 and execution immediately followed; but twenty-four years later, when the English had been driven out of the country and the French nation was at liberty to feel a sense of gratitude, another court declared that, after all, Joan was no heretic. This second tribunal met under papal sanction in the cathedral of Paris, and, like the first, left definite record of itself. The evidence which led to rehabilitation or official whitewashing survives in the MSS. of the Bibliothèque Nationale, and may now be had, as well as the first batch of evidence, from the pages of Mr. Murray. The Latin text of Quicherat has thus been translated, made into a single volume, printed handsomely, and interspersed with excellent illustrations. Mr. Murray contributes a short introduction, but his labors have been chiefly confined to note-making and the preparation of an English version. One characteristic of the original evidence is the crabbedness and abruptness of its style. Mr. Murray's translation makes the text run somewhat more smoothly than the examiners, Joan and the reporters have left it, but such variation as we have noticed in the course of a short comparison does not constitute a blemish. Altogether it is a very useful piece of work, and well worth the doing. For one thing, it makes available a splendid body of data relating to the Hundred Years' War; for another, it shows exactly how a mediæval trial for magic and heresy was conducted; but chiefly it enables those who are unfamiliar with Latin to realize the depths of a tragedy that outruns the fancied pathos of "King Lear."

A NEW AMERICAN ENCYCLOPAEDIA.

The New International Encyclopædia. Editors: Daniel Coit Gilman, LL.D.; Harry Thurston Peck, Ph.D., L.H.D.; Frank Moore Colby, M.A. Vols. I.—III. A—Canada. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1902.

It is well known to how great an extent American encyclopædias have been based on one edition or other of 'Chambers's Encyclopædia,' which in its turn was based on the 'Conversations-Lexicon' of Brockhaus. The use made of 'Chambers,' and the extent to which it was spoiled—in both senses of the word—varied with the skill and space of the plunderers, but the trail of the booty was everywhere, and reproachful ghosts haunted and haunt many alien pages. In this there was some poetic justice, though little commercial honesty; Chambers had confessedly translated much from Brockhaus, and the American editors—yet without confession—reconveyed the stolen property. But such gains seldom prosper their new holders. In this case the articles taken over were variously maltreated, abbreviated, edited, to suit the American public and to give space for the dealing with peculiarly American rubrics. The result was that the user of such an encyclopædia felt driven at every turn to examine whether he might not find in Chambers the original and unmutilated article, reserving his American reference for American things only.

But the Germanizing of our educational tools goes on steadily, and think what we may of German scholars as men of letters in an ideal sense, there can be no question of their absolute supremacy as journeymen of letters, as patient compilers of exactly sifted and verified fact. While the German philosopher and critic has the reputation of intense subjectivity, of a power of accepting as certain his own personal and momentary impressions, the German hack-writer—using the word in no opprobrious sense—has a power of objectifying and putting into compact form the certified results, no more and no less, of any scientific investigation. His presentation of these results may be bald, clumsy, involved; but to the reader who takes time to read carefully, the matter is all there. Of such men are the writers in Brockhaus and Meyer, and in imitation of them and their methods there is assuredly great reward. Similar is the ability of the German editor. His labors and responsibilities are great. His contributors must be anonymous; otherwise they would feel it necessary to frame theories of their own and make new contributions to knowledge in their articles, and, for such, an encyclopædia should have no place. Being anonymous, the responsibility for their work rests upon the whole book; each part depends upon each and will be judged with it. The editor must see to it that the articles are sufficient, that they are properly divided, correlated and proportioned. When they are inadequate, he cannot shield himself behind the great names of the writers; for that the whole encyclopædia must suffer. It is therefore plain that an encyclopædia arranged on this plan must have at its service a staff of conscientious, laborious, learned collaborators, and an editor or editors of autocratic powers, truly encyclopædic knowledge, endless patience, and sleepless vigilance—especially the last. In Germany, under German conditions, and in view of the German character and peculiar abilities, these things are possible. It may be doubted whether with us, even at a prohibitive price, a Meyer or a Brockhaus could be produced.

The present encyclopædia starts with a preface of promise: it is practically to furnish an English Brockhaus. The prospectus goes still further, and gives an extensive list of contributors and editors of departments. This list undoubtedly shows up well, but the fact remains that, on the unsigned principle, it is impossible to say who individually is responsible for any particular article. Thus, on the one hand, if an article is criticised, the blame must be distributed over many eminent names, and, on the other, if the encyclopædia as a whole is criticised and its publishers blamed, they can point triumphantly in their defence to the same eminent names. What better could we do? they may ask; to which the public can say little, but can have its own opinion of the whole affair. To bring all to a point, absolute anonymity and the responsibility frankly shouldered by the publishers is the sole alternative of signed articles and the responsibility of the signer.

Accepting, however, the articles as anonymous and impersonal in the full German sense, the great weakness of the present work is undoubtedly in the editing, major and minor. There are certainly scholars in the country equal to this great argument. The problem was to find them, to set them properly to work, to see that they did the work, and to reproduce accurately their results. To a great extent they have been found, to a lesser extent their tasks have been properly assigned, very often they have not been kept up to their true standards, and most generally their results have been carelessly reproduced. The last—the proofreading—is glaring throughout the first two volumes; in the third a considerable improvement appears, though errors still continue. As specimens may serve (vol. i., p. 53), "unfriendly" for friendly; (p. 139), "public persecutor" for prosecutor; (p. 232), "Tiruskohi" for Firozkohi; (p. 288) "Compluum" for Complutum; (p. 308) "picturesque" for picaresque; (p. 342) "al-jozair" for al-jazair; (plate of alpha-

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bets opposite p. 392) Hebrew letter Tsade for Ayin; (p. 431) the article on Ambrose's Tavern is completely pied by the omission of a line or lines; (vol. ii., p. 41) "Kilbrennan" for Kilbrannan; (p. 311) article Babbage, another case of repetition and omission of a line; (p. 489) "Jarfar" repeatedly for Ja'far; (p. 679) "largest the" for largest and; (p. 705) no capital to "Polish"; (p. 737) "Mzabit" for Mzabite; (p. 70) "Mysterionun" for Mysteriorum; (p. 771) "*signalments*" for *signalements;* (p. 808) "collected" for collated; (p. 812) "Rhenish" for Rhemish; (vol. iii., p. 280) "Lazarde" for Lagarde; (p. 398) "Greeks" for Gauls; (p. 503) "with out religion" for "with our religion"; (p. 536) "Ancram" for Ancrum; (p. 682) "Bard" for Barb; (p. 729) "Ballick" for Balliol. This list could be very easily extended. It is not based on any systematic search, and does not take account of simple misspellings of English words.

To return to the contributors: many of them have done their work excellently. This holds especially of the articles on chemistry and anatomy—indeed, on natural and physical science generally—on mathematics and psychology. The last is of the modern type, and the articles on it contrast often with those on the lives and systems of different philosophers. Thus, that on Berkeley is not in the same class with the corresponding article in the last edition of Chambers, nor is that on Bentham. Generally, it may be said that biography, while very broad, is not very full, very accurate, or very attractive. The number of entries is enormous, and the assertion that this encyclopædia is unique on that side may easily be correct. But, in comparing these biographies with those in Chambers, there is hardly a case where the present book is not the poorer. This stands out the more clearly the more important the biography is. Especially in literature, there is nothing here that can stand beside the carefully written studies which are the distinction of the Edinburgh work. This is the stranger because, in the preface, the editors repudiate what they call "the encyclopædic style," and profess to have urged upon their contributors that lighter and more personal touch which "would characterize their contributions to any literary publication of a high class." We can only entreat them, with an open mind, to compare their productions on Aristophanes, Beaumont and Fletcher, Burns, Byron, Sir Thomas Browne, Boccaccio, almost any figure in literature, with the corresponding article in Chambers. Disproportion is another defect conspicuous in these biographies. It cannot be regarded as happy that Calvin has nearly four pages, with an addition of a page and a half on Calvinism, while Byron has one and a quarter, Burns a little over one, Augustine two, and Athanasius one—exactly the same as Richard Baxter and H. W. Beecher. Again, Sir Walter Besant and Mrs. Besant have practically the same space, each of less than half a column, while Bhartrihari, a Sanskrit poet of not exactly the first rank, has a column and a half. This is evidently due to weakness or carelessness on the part of the editors. Their writers were not held in hand, and each got practically the space which he claimed. The same disproportion appears in other subjects. Thus, Anemometer has nearly two pages—is worth as much as Augustine!—and Blindspot has nearly a page and a half. The theatre has also secured to itself much space. Dion Boucicault has a column, and the latest actor or actress is secure of a generous mention. Music has a better claim, and has been even better treated. Beethoven has four pages, Bach three and a half, and the general articles are full, and for the most part good. Beethoven's personality, it is true, might have been treated more sympathetically, his friendships less flippantly, and his place as the highest exponent of the classical and the prophet of the romantic in music could have been more clearly shown. This is one of the articles where the finer touch is missed. Nor are absurd blunders lacking. Under Andante we learn that *con moto* means "with emotion," misinformation derived straight from Chambers, which had nodded for once. Again a case for editorial vigilance.

Military matters have the fulness which suits this militant age. There is the inevitable complacency over the army of the United States; but the only serious defect is under Armies, where the part played by the Byzantine Empire in developing military science is unrecognized. If this writer will consider how long the Eastern Empire kept Mohammedanism at bay, he will find a very curious problem in the art of war.

The articles dealing with Asia are of an uncertain value. The Aryan East in general, and in especial the Iranian, is good, sometimes even too full for proportion. The Semitic East, on the other hand, is generally weak, inadequate, and inaccurate. Thus, the contrast is very striking between the sections on Assyrian and Babylonian art and architecture, which are good, and the general articles on Assyria and Babylonia, which are very poor. The same holds of Arabic rubrics, which are often most carelessly handled, and of those from the Old Testament, which are highly unequal. Throughout, the masterful hand of an editor is called for. New Testament articles are much better, but short. The great twenty-four-page article on the Bible is highly composite, and equally irregular in merit.

Already it is evident that Art and Architecture have fallen into competent hands. The development of this side of the Encyclopædia may be awaited with genuine interest. In geography the same fulness is being attempted as in biography, and with the same uncertain results. For America, the articles will be useful; for other countries, Meyer or Brockhaus will probably be consulted. A department new to general encyclopædias but of justifiable existence is that of fiction. Unfortunately, characterization has been attempted besides mere localization. Almost of necessity this has resulted in a singular crudity. Nor are omissions and errors lacking. The 'Bride of Lammermoor' is "further described as a legend of Montrose"; the 'Black Dwarf' is "founded on a Scottish legend" in evident oblivion as to the real David Ritchie, and one of the Amines in the 'Arabian Nights' is combined with the sister of another.

Finally, the following farrago of notes may not be out of place. There are many articles in which it would have been better to reproduce Chambers entire rather than mutilated. So Alchemy and Allotrophy, though the latter has been rewritten; Alloy, on the other hand, has been improved. So, too, Bells, which omits all reference to the modern tubular kind; Bentley, which misunderstands his plan for the restoration of the text of the New Testament, and disregards entirely his unique edition of 'Paradise Lost.' Further, on Andorra, Chambers has been misunderstood, and the little republic put "under the joint protection of France and Spain." As a matter of fact, its relations are to France and to the Bishop of Urgel; thus, in the last instance, to France and the Pope. The origin of the article Berber is not so simple, but it would have been at least safer to abide by Chambers, and not to have equated βάρβαρος with "foreign, alien," instead of "stammering, uncivilized"; the latter is also the meaning of the Arabic term cited. Under John Anderson, the institution which he founded by his will is strangely misrepresented. A reproduction of Chambers would have shown its almost unique character, at the end of the eighteenth century, as a college for workingmen. It still exists, but has never called itself a "university." Into Archpriest it would also have been well to incorporate Chambers or an equivalent; the article here gives only one small side. Al-cazar is from an Arabic singular, not a plural; the error may have come from a confusion with the origin of Luxor. On Arran, any one who had been in Brodick Bay during an easterly gale would hardly call it an excellent harbor. It is an open roadstead. The date of Beckford's birth is left uncorrected. We now know it was October 1, 1760, not September 29, 1759. The discredited legend of the origin of 'Vathek' is also given without comment. Yet the bibliography added to the article, if examined, would have yielded these very corrections. The same thing occurs elsewhere. Beitullah (ii., 665) *is* the Kaaba, and does not contain it. On Bonnivard (*sic*) we find the old account of that most unedifying "patriot" which would have vastly amused him; the bibliography is absurd. But still more absurd is that attached to the notice of Bertrand de Born. There we are referred to that veracious chronicle, Hewlett's 'Richard Yea-and-Nay.' Simple inadequacy is what ails the article on Beruni. The greatest master of scientific method among Mohammedans, a man standing alone in his time, is cleared in nine lines and some blunders. Contrast the treatment noticed above of Bhartrihari; the Sanskritist evidently fought harder for space than the Arabist. In the article on Andree there is no knowledge of his fate; similarly, Lord Acton and E. Ashmead-Bartlett are still alive. Dr. G. F. Moore, too, is given as President of Andover Seminary.

There can be no doubt that the blame for all this lies primarily with the editors. Excellent contributors have been found for many subjects, and could be found for all. But all contributors require to be kept up to a certain standard; their work requires to be proportioned, concatenated, polished, which is the sphere of the editor. In these volumes the editors have not filled their sphere. From planning to proofreading their work has been slipshod. Further examples of this are easy to find. In the alphabetical order the Arabic article *al* is sometimes reckoned, sometimes not. Thus we find al-Farabi under A and al-Beruni under B. Again, in volume i., pp. 26, 27, under Aberdeen and University of Aberdeen there is a considerable repetition. Similar-

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ly, in volume iii., pp. 536-539, under Elspeth Buchan and Buchanites, and pp. 815, 816, under Richard Cameron and Cameronians. In volume ii., pp. 669 and 693, we have an unexplained difference of spelling between Belerium and Bellerium. The two possible derivations are not recognized, and the articles are left in contradiction. At least one diagram (volume i., p. 340) is equipped with letters to which no explanation is added in the text. In bibliography, again, the lack of editorial care is conspicuous. To some articles an excellent bibliography is appended; in others not a single authority is cited, and the reader is left in a blind alley. It need hardly be said how fatal is such a defect; in a confessedly general encyclopædia such as this, references should be given freely to books, journals, and specialist cyclopædias. The same holds of the illustrations. Apparently if a contributor demanded certain illustrations, he got them; if not, there was no more about it. As a consequence, the number of small cuts in the text should be greatly increased. For these we would willingly sacrifice the numerous reproductions of celebrated pictures, portraits, statues, etc., beautiful as they are; for such things there should be no place here. Under Alps a special map would have been much more to the purpose than the very pretty picture of Chillon and the Dent du Midi. The maps in general are disappointing. How the opinion could be hazarded (preface, page viii.) that "the illustrations of every kind will be found superior to anything hitherto attempted in any encyclopædia" must remain a mystery. Except as beautiful pictures, they cannot compare in number, usefulness, and attractiveness with those in Meyer.

It is with deep regret that this judgment is passed on a work like the present, with its enormous expenditure of labor and wide sphere of possible usefulness. But only four volumes are published (the last as we put this in type), and the door of repentance for the editors is still wide. By free cutting of the stereotype plates and unwearied vigilance as to the text still to come, much may be done and undone, and a good encyclopædia may yet be produced.

THREE BOOKS ON ARTS RELATED TO ARCHITECTURE.

A Discussion of Composition; Especially as Applied to Architecture. By John Vredenburgh Van Pelt, Professor in charge of the College of Architecture, Cornell University. Illustrated by the Author The Macmillan Co. 1902. Pp. viii, 275.

Windows: A Book about Stained and Painted Glass. By Lewis F. Day. Second edition. London: Batsford; New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1902. Pp. viii, 419.

Furniture of the Olden Time. By Frances Clary Morse. The Macmillan Co. 1902. Pp. xvii, 371.

The title of the book first named above is so far inadequate that the treatise in question reaches out to include all the elements of design. The first part, consisting of forty pages, deals with the essential characteristics assumed to be necessary in design—sincerity, carefulness, and the like. The second part, of forty-four pages, deals with the principles of composition and the more usual forms of composition, as in pictures, and this part may be thought to have furnished the title to the work. Part three is concerned with the decorative application of principles already laid down, and also with general principles assumed to be obviously of importance, to be axioms of design. Part four has to do with "Practical Suggestions in Design," and in the thirty pages of which it is composed there is little suggestion of the importance or character of composition in the design, which is treated in relation to structure and material, and sincerity, or the reverse. Parts five and six deal with the plans of buildings, and mingled with this is much discussion of that curious theory, born of the atelier and its "paper work," that a plan as drawn on paper is of some value by itself. In reading this, we have to remember that our author is the head of an architectural school avowedly based upon the teaching of the great Paris institution.

In such a book of practice, with necessarily brief and peremptory statements, and written, as this one is, by a very intelligent man, there will, of course, be many valuable suggestions. Just as there are scraps from Ruskin full of that brilliant good sense which that writer is capable of, and which he gives his readers in alternation with paradox and bad logic, so there are many quotations in the original French from the treatise on Decorative Composition by Henri Mayeux. So G. Baldwin Brown is quoted for the value of prehistoric monuments, and Henri Deglane for the scarcely necessary assurance that you had better carry a sketch-book about with you and draw continually with a soft pencil, using few lines. In like manner, the author's own conclusions are printed side by side with the dicta of his teachers and guides; and the passages so arranged are separately of value, or at least have the possibility of value. One looks in vain for a statement of general principles, however; and, without denying for a moment the immense difficulty of arranging a book of maxims in accordance with any general principles of thought, the question still remains unanswered whether such treatises can have any importance. And yet the book is full of the evidences of knowledge and of a sound feeling for fine art in many of its forms. It is not easy to forgive a positive assertion that the Sainte Geneviève paintings in the Pantheon of Paris are very ugly, nor to admit the force of the quotation from Herbert Spencer, a writer whose greatness need not blind us to the fact that he never looks at fine art from the inside, but treats it as a branch of science. On the other hand, there is an excellent passage (pp. 169 to 177) in which decorative glass, as in modern and ancient windows, is explained; and it may be stated that this is a subject which is very seldom treated with intelligence. It is an odd comment upon the architectural tendency of the twentieth century that, in the discussion of Planning (part vi.), eight pages are given to dwelling-houses and sixteen pages to buildings used for instruction, while only a page and three-quarters at the very end are devoted to "ecclesiastic buildings."

Mr. Day's book on Decorative Windows is fortunate in its title, all things being considered. The phrases "stained glass" and "painted glass" are each of them very inadequate, and erroneous in making a part stand for the whole; and to couple these terms together under the fitting general term is a good thought. The matter of decorative glass is, as remarked above, extremely difficult to treat. No illustrations can adequately explain it except to the most highly trained observer. And of this fact there is proper mention made in a prefatory note, page ix. Again, words are apt to fail in describing the purpose of the design in glass, and, of course, in criticism of the designer's achievement. Now, as the author of the volume before us has seen all those difficulties very clearly, and knows well how glass was made and used in early times, and how the modern processes have grown up—always excepting those American methods of which he knows only the feeble beginnings, as is natural—it follows that the book is sure to have value to any person who is in earnest about the study of the subject. Whether one approaches the matter of rich windows from the point of view of the student of glass and glassware, as a specially interesting industrial art; or as a matter of decorative design, as a mosaic helped out with painting; or whether it is as a part of ecclesiastical architecture that one is thinking of the mediæval glass at least; or whether the painter by profession is interested in the strange facts of the radical difference between colored work in translucent material and that upon opaque surfaces and seen only by reflected light—in any of these cases he will find that Mr. Day has seen the difficulties and the remedies, and has put them before himself and before his readers.

To infer from this that the volume is wholly satisfactory would be to infer too much. Book i., ninety-five pages long, is devoted to craftsmanship; Book ii., containing much more than half the volume, deals with the "course of design"; and Book iii., eighty pages more, deals with various subjects, such as "story windows" (with a sort of list of windows in Europe that are worth seeing), and has a final chapter devoted to the restoration of old glass. There are two indices, one to the text and one to the illustrations; the latter organized alphabetically, as is the former—an innovation indeed, and worthy to be noted. Were such an index a common feature, it would make of the twentieth-century books, with their abundant illustration by photographic process, an iconographic cyclopædia. It is of less importance, to be sure, in the present work than it might be in another, because the examples given are fragments in very many cases, as indeed is natural. You turn from the item "Reims" and find a square of a clerestory window—a piece perhaps three feet high and not quite four feet wide; hence the knowledge of its location, even in a church as important as the great cathedral of the town named, is of less consequence. On the other hand, the references from "Gouda," six in number, lead you to whole windows, and this is the more satisfactory inasmuch as no pictures of those very remarkable Dutch windows of the seventeenth century are easily accessible.

A decorative window is a mosaic of translucent material, with this peculiarity, that the translucency is interrupted by relatively broad opaque lines made by the "leads"

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which hold the glass together. This mosaic may be of one color, with only such modifications as inequalities of the thickness or staining of the glass may cause. On the other hand, it may be of many colors and produce a very elaborate, jewel-like pattern. Again, the mosaic may be, and very commonly is, helped out by painting, and this painting is nearly always of opaque substance, strong, dark-brown pigment, which, unless thinned out into the slightest smearing, stops the light completely. This painting, then, is used to turn a patch of colored glass into a smaller patch of definite shape; a square or a diamond has its borders so painted over that a hand or a flower is left, the light being "stopped out" from the rest of the piece of glass, so that the translucent part assumes the form desired. There is, indeed, a painting with translucent enamels, but only one important style of work has ever been based upon this method, and modern practice ignores it in nearly all cases; for, although every artist who undertakes important windows experiments a little with enamels, every such artist finds the result so unsatisfactory that it is kept in use almost exclusively for the flesh—the heads and hands—and these are the least valuable parts of modern work. All this is to be found in the book before us, but it would be too much to say that it is made perfectly easy of understanding to the beginner. Perhaps what has been said here will show the difficulty there is in any such undertaking.

The book on Furniture (named above) is the fourth contribution, published during the last two or three years, to the accumulating mass of fact and comparative criticism concerning the older styles of furniture known to the residents of what is now the United States. There is no attempt to go back to times so "olden" that the forms of the Middle Ages or the Renaissance appear; the oldest piece illustrated is of the seventeenth century, and the greater number of tables, arm-chairs, clocks, and bedsteads is of the eighteenth century, and of styles which continued for a few years into the epoch that followed. We have, then, a book upon "Old Colonial" furniture and nothing else; and the accompanying illustrations are altogether similar to those in the three other books to which allusion has been made; but the illustrations are numerous and good, while yet the book is smaller and much less expensive than either one of the previous works, and therefore may be thought to have its place to fill. It is probable, no doubt, that some of the same pieces already illustrated are presented to us here. There are a few tallboys (called high-boys in the book before us) and arm-chairs which are so well known to all the students of this interesting branch of the collector's hobby that a book can hardly be made up without an attempt to secure one of them. Certain collectors in New England, in New York State, and in the South are known to possess specimens of indubitable authenticity and good preservation, and these are constantly in demand for exhibition or illustration.

The book is divided into twelve chapters, each appropriated to one class of furniture, as chapter v. to desks, chapter vi. to chairs, and so on. More originality is to be found in chapter x. ("Fires and Lights") than elsewhere, for there are here a series of pictures of fireplaces, the andirons that belong to them, the fenders set in front of them, the decorative objects commonly seen upon the mantel shelves, along with the lamp-stands and candelabra, the lanterns and sconces, which gave more available light than that of the fire to those who sat by it. Looking-glasses, too, have a chapter to themselves, and a pleasing and very diverse assortment of these is shown, giving to the student a wide range for motives of design.

STEPHEN'S BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES.

Studies of a Biographer. By Leslie Stephen. Vols. III. and IV. (Second series.) G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1902.

These latest volumes from the pen of the man who is likely long to be remembered as the biographer paramount of English letters, are delightfully characteristic. The essays of which they are composed are review articles written for the magazines—rather appreciative and discursive than in any strict sense contributive. In them, therefore, is shown, more clearly than in most of Mr. Stephen's recent writing, that tincture of personality which gave so ripe and mellow a charm to the well-remembered 'Hours in a Library.'

One does not turn to Mr. Stephen's books for the carefully involute, analytic, literary criticism which is coming in fashion. The salient quality of his mind is the ripe humanism of the imaginative biographer. His chief concern in reading a book is communion with its author; and he gets at the nature of the author only in exceptional cases by the set process of analysis and deduction which others use. His method is rather one of genial sympathy, guided by an inductive instinct so trained and habitual as to have become, to all appearance, quite unconscious. This procedure with men not wholly antipathetic to him has yielded some very suggestive appreciations. When these appreciations have been expressed in Mr. Stephen's singularly vigorous and lively manner, vitalized (but never vulgarized) by colloquialisms and vivid personal interpolations, the result is a group of essays of exceptional import and pleasurableness.

As it happens that, in the second of the volumes under review, several topics of the highest interest are treated, we can deal but shortly with the other, merely tempting the reader to its perusal by noting that it contains characteristic comments upon the Browning letters and Godwin's Novels, studies of Donne, Ruskin, Bagehot, Huxley, and Froude, and a happily rambling essay "In Praise of Walking." The nature of the subject in several of these papers gives scope to certain deep-seated predilections and antipathies that were familiar to readers of Mr. Stephen's earlier work, but have been somewhat less conspicuous of late. In the trend of the papers on Bagehot, Ruskin, and Huxley, as well as in those brilliant, mocking asides which are the most striking feature of his style, Mr. Stephen shows a respect for the reserved judgment and a profound distrust of all dogmatic theory, whether in literature, philosophy, or theology, which tend to give his work an air of scepticism as pervasive as Montaigne's. At times, even, we think him in danger of tripping into that *humorous fallacy* which ought to be catalogued as the complement of Ruskin's famous tag—the feeling that whatever can be subtilely derided or openly mocked at is necessarily of dubious validity and worth.

The leading essay in the second of the two volumes now in hand is a notable study of "Shakspere as a Man." Breaking his own desiderated rule, that no one should write about Shakspere without a special license, Mr. Stephen offers us the sanest of essays upon that over-written subject. By a process of cool, consecutive inference not common in such matters, or in these volumes, he constructs a "character" of Shakspere which is, so far as it goes, quite convincing. His summary of the philosophy of living to which the dramatist was constrained by the bent of his character and temperament, is in itself so suggestive, and contains such a note of consonance with much in Mr. Stephen's own views, that it may be fitly quoted here:

"Be a Romeo while you can; love is delightful when you are young; only think twice before you buy your dram of poison. As you grow older, be a soldier, a hero, or a statesman, or, if you can be nothing better, be a playwright, so long as the inspiration comes with spontaneous and overpowering force. But always remember to keep your passions in check, and don't forget that the prize, even if you win it, may turn to ashes in your mouth. Fate is always playing ugly tricks, punishing the reckless, and exposing illusions. The struggle is fascinating while it lasts, because it arouses the energies; but when the energies decay, the position which it has won loses its charm. Literary glory, though one may talk about it in sonnets, is a trifle. Your rivals are many of them very good fellows, and make pleasant society; it is both pleasant and prudent to be on good terms with them, and nothing is so contemptible as the rivalry of authors. But, after all, success only means a position among jealous dependants of great men, who themselves are very apt to get into the Tower and even to the scaffold. When youthful passions have grown feeble, and the delight of being applauded by the mob has rather palled upon one, the best thing will be to break one's magical wand and sit down with, we hope, 'good Mistress Hall' for a satisfactory Miranda, at Stratford-upon-Avon. Though we can no longer write ballads to our mistress's eyebrow, we can heartily appreciate gentle, pure, and obedient womanhood, and may hope that some specimens may be found, while we still enjoy a chat and a convivial meeting with an old theatrical friend."

This is surely an excellent likeness of the man; yet it fails a little to suggest the genius. There are some of us who cannot help believing that the greatest of tragic writers was more passionate about the larger and fateful issues of life than would appear in such a picture of his mind.

To Emerson Mr. Stephen, though a professed "Lockist," gives a surprisingly sympathetic essay. Certainly, all Emersonians will be interested, as Mr. Stephen hopes, "to know how their prophet affects one of the profane vulgar." Mr. Stephen can realize the thing that Emerson stood for to the America of his time. His queer, effective combination of Yankee shrewdness and Neo-Platonic mysticism is excellently portrayed. And it is a suggestive remark, that where Wordsworth was a man whom nature worship lifted at times into a "blessed mood" in which the burthen of the mystery was lightened and he could see into the life of things, Emerson was one in whom that "blessed mood" had become normal. Although the study as a whole partakes of the nature of a *tour de*

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force of sympathy, its conclusion has the accent of long conviction.

"Emerson's mysticism . . . ," says Mr. Stephen, "reveals at any rate the man himself, the pure, simple-minded, high-feeling man, made of the finest clay of human nature; the one man who to Carlyle uttered a genuine human voice, and soothed the profound glooms of dyspeptic misanthropy; . . . nobody could be more fitted to communicate the 'electric shock' to his disciples, because of his keen perception of the noble elements of life, in superiority to all the vulgar motives and modes of thought, which were not the less attractive because he could not see his way to any harmonious or consistent system of thought."

From Emerson to Stevenson is a far cry, which Mr. Stephen takes with the ease of the practised hunter of men. In his dealings with Tusitala the "Lockist" is soundly in evidence. To the true genius of Stevenson, the supremacy of "mind-stuff" in him, the cling of his style, the valor of his spirit, Mr. Stephen is accessible and just. In his final estimate he expresses certain truly English considerations which have rarely been better expressed. Stevenson, he thinks, was "the rapid, vivid sprite, the natural Bohemian." And, as he observes very justly, "The Bohemian, . . . the the man who looks from the outside upon the ordinary humdrum citizen, may be a very fascinating personage, but he really lacks something." What it is that such an one lacks is not hard to see. It is, precisely, a ripe humanism—the result of kindly and reflective intercourse with one's fellows, seeking in them, even though they be fools and bores, the fellowship which inheres in "the general heart of man"—the trait, that is, which, partly by predisposition of mind, partly by his long labor among the human records of the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' is the conspicuous power of Mr. Stephen himself.

Illuminating, but less personally significant essays upon Southey's Letters, "New Lights on Milton," and Anthony Trollope, need not detain us. The final paper in the series is an undercutting comment upon M. Joseph Texte's recently translated 'Rousseau and the Cosmopolitan Spirit in Literature.' Neither M. Texte nor Mr. Stephen is much concerned with that comprehensive view which considers all Christendom as a single federation working out in an age-long travail a world literature. Rather, the point at issue involves that literary cosmopolitanism which, about the middle of the eighteenth century, appeared in the intellectual commerce of England and France. Without going to the lengths of that stout old Tory gentleman who held that "foreigners were fools," Mr. Stephen is inclined to discredit M. Texte's elaborate theory of the growing interinfluence of the North and the South: he is disposed to take refuge behind his bulwark of narrow seas, and assert the integrity of national literatures. He would not deny to them many cosmopolitan affiliations—such, for example, as the response which the sentimentalism of Richardson met with in the hearts of three generations of Frenchmen—but he would consider this the result rather of the apt expression of an international mood than of any blending or decay of racial types. It is, of course, quite impossible now, in mid-movement, to predict infallibly the direction and end of our literary progress. Mr. Stephen wisely leaves open the question of the effect of democracy upon letters. He recognizes that democratic literature "may represent wider sympathies and more genuine enthusiasms"; yet he also has a fear that will not down lest democracy may, in the end, come to mean a society in which the individual is lost in the mass, occupied with a petty round of interests, and "incapable of appreciating refinement or high intellectual powers." If such is to be the case, he thinks "there can be no doubt that literature also will become commonplace and vulgar, and so far alike throughout the world." The history of past republics scarcely tends to give ground for this belief, yet the difference between the past and the probable future of democracy is so vast that debate upon this point is beside the mark. Whatever the end, no one is likely to dispute that in its present literary manifestations "the cosmopolitan spirit" is a source more often of weakness than of strength. It is this state of affairs that gives importance to Mr. Stephen's sturdy reassertion of the impenetrability of the inner spirit of a national literature.

Sundials and Roses of Yesterday. By Alice Morse Earle. The Macmillan Co. 1902. 8vo, pp. 461.

Mrs. Earle gives reproductions of a selection numbering well over two hundred of her photographs of sundials, with a smaller number of those of roses, which, by the way, do not take so well. She has joined to the pictures first-hand information about the originals, has touched upon the subject of dialling, and glanced at sundry other topics *à propos de bottes*. The attractive element of the volume is the antiquarian-emblematic-poetical perfume that lingers about the dials. A charm there certainly is about almost any sundial. Still, something like a collector's mania must be added to the ordinary interest in sundials before a person can read Mrs. Earle's volume right straight through without flagging. She seems herself to feel that this is so, and endeavors to lend variety to the subject by chapters about roses, about Rosicrucians, about rural saints and prophets, with desultory passages not a few. But it is not the question whether a book has some dull pages or not, but how enjoyable it is at its best. As somebody says of a poet, it is not how many of his arrows go astray that counts, but whether any of them has struck the Dordonian oak, and sent a resounding shiver through all its limbs and branches. On the contrary principle, how many of the most delightful books—including all the old ones—would have to be condemned! It is always the reader's privilege to skip.

'Sundials and Roses of Yesterday' is much of it very interesting reading to anybody, and all of it to somebody. The authoress could not have furnished us with a livelier variety and still have described as many individual dials as she has done, without which the devotees of dials would have been dissatisfied. To our thinking she has been unduly afraid of being heavy and dry. As long, for example, as she deemed a chapter on dialling called for, why would it not have been better to procure its preparation from some adept in descriptive geometry? If Miss Charlotte Angus Scott or Mrs. Christine Ladd Franklin could have been persuaded to lend this help, the elegance of their exposition of a problem—after all, not so rebarbative as it may be supposed before being fairly scanned—would have added a new grace to the book. To be sure, as it is, two rules are given for constructing a horizontal dial, of which the first is neat, were the rationale of it only made plain. But there are no directions for any other form of dial than that least interesting, least beautiful—and we should add least useful one, were the ratio of zero to zero more intelligible. The second rule given in the book is intended to bring the art of dialling to the level of the comprehension of Southern plantation negroes, and is a deplorable failure. It not only requires the poor fellow to know what latitude is, but also to lay off an angle equal to that latitude. Neither requirement was necessary; and after all he won't get a good dial. Mrs. Earle tells of simple dials that give the time without danger of more than four minutes' error, as experience shows. But does she remember that the penumbra always causes the reading of the time to be about a minute too near to noon, an effect that diffraction considerably increases, while refraction always acts in the same direction and may add two minutes more to the error; that the equation of time sometimes exceeds sixteen minutes, and that the difference between local and standard time may be half an hour? Let all these act in the same way, as they sometimes will, and they foot up to more than four minutes; but, of course, the readings can be corrected.

Nowadays, when there are railway trains to catch and dentists to pay for any unpunctuality on our part in keeping our appointments with them, and the fashion originally set by time and tide of waiting for no man has been generally followed, the sundial has been degraded to an educational device. It is true that if, instead of observing a shadow, one observes an image formed by a lens, and observes it with a microscope, and, in place of the sun, uses a number of stars, high and low, correcting for level, azimuth, and collimation, then indeed our dial becomes a modern astronomical transit, and is the most precise possible instrument for correcting a clock or chronometer, though not exactly handy for direct use in catching a train. For that purpose, a good watch that has recently been compared at noon at any telegraph office is preferable.

Very tolerable clocks had for centuries been in common use when Galileo first watched the swinging lamp in Pisa Cathedral. Yet it was not until the nineteenth century that mean time (in contradistinction to every variety of sun time) came to be universally employed; and no mechanical clock or watch could keep pace with the inequalities of the sun in any satisfactory manner. Consequently, when we see an old wall dial, though its age be but two centuries, we may be reasonably sure that it had, in its day, an honest utility. It is an individual to be respected. But what, pray, is a horizontal dial in the garden of a modern gentleman of business but a despicable lump of affectation? Does he permit any member of his household, if he can help it, to esteem time of so little worth as to be measured out in hours?

The author's extreme dread of being dry

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or heavy is illustrated in the chapter on Rosicrucians, concerning whom, she informs us, she has read very much, and concerning whom so little that is really solid has ever been written—enough, however, to make it the business of any chapter on the subject to present the proof that this brotherhood owed its origin to a lie concocted about A. D. 1600 by Johann Valentinus Andreä, alias Basilius Valentinus, alias Florentinus de Valentia, etc., and Johann Thölde of Frankenhausen. With all her learning on the subject, Mrs. Earle should have known that something like this was the case; but the glamour of mystery has been sweeter to her than the plain truth. From something said in the preface, we were led to hope that this chapter would be ushered in by a reproduction of the rare and fine bookplate of the "liebliche Bruderschaft des himmlichen Rosenkreutz" of Andreä and Thölde, with its view of heaven and hell. But we found only a decorative rose.

Two on their Travels. By Ethel Colquhoun. With eight colored plates, sixteen full-page and numerous text illustrations by the Authoress. A. S. Barnes & Co. 1902. 8vo, pp. xvi., 242.

The motive of this bride in describing her wedding journey is "to add a tiny bit of mirth and enjoyment from my own superabundant store to that of less favored folk." With such an aim, and in the full tide of that new happiness which invests even familiar scenes with an unwonted charm, she would have been successful if she had not left her native shores; but when it is "the golden window of the East" which she opens to her "shut-in" readers, their enjoyment is assured. She has other qualifications for her task, however, than that of an unselfish motive. Possessing both literary and artistic skill in an unusual degree, her bright, vivacious word-pictures are accompanied by numerous sketches, some of which in color are exceedingly attractive. Naturally she leaves the discussion of the serious topics which a journey in the East inevitably suggests, to her husband, the well-known traveller and author, Archibald Colquhoun, and dwells upon the trivial, every-day sights which, after all, constitute the chief enjoyment of a visit to foreign lands. Digressions, grave and gay, are numerous, but even when they take the form of severe criticism, as of American manners, an underlying mirthfulness is always evident. Altogether, 'Two on their Travels' has that indefinable charm which the companionship of an entertaining woman who has seen much of the world always gives.

After a somewhat startlingly familiar introduction of herself and "Andrew" to her readers, her narrative takes them from Singapore to Java, "the garden of the East," and from thence to Borneo, the Philippines, "the land of sunsets," and Japan, "the playground." She is mostly occupied with amusing descriptions of scenery, costumes, her fellow-travellers, life in inns and on the sea, and several adventurous experiences. Now and then there is a remark of a more serious nature, as that the Dutch in Borneo, "a country rich in oil, coal, diamonds, gold, timber, gutta, and many other valuables," seemed a great failure. "There is a sleepy, decadent, stagnant, rotting air everywhere." In the Philippines she is surprised at the size of the towns "and the number of good houses they contained. One provincial town has as many as four large churches, two colleges for boys and girls (all well built of stone), a theatre, made of wood but elaborately decorated inside to simulate marble, and a fine public building." The religion of the Filipinos is "little more to them than superstition and pageantry. At one place we saw one of the saints from the church, which, in honor of the Americans, had been rudely dressed to represent the statue of Liberty in New York harbor. Spikes of gilded paper were round its head, and one absurd wooden arm was raised, holding a *bâton*." A more encouraging sight was a village school with its rows of little girls with small brown faces and twinkling dark eyes, with clean and freshly starched clothes, and the American soldier teacher, who "called on one damsel after another to translate alternately in Spanish and English the stereotyped remarks about uncles, nephews, gardens, wives, pens and ink." Mrs. Colquhoun's general impression is apparently summed up in the statement that "the United States is leavening the whole lump with the spirit of utilitarianism and progress."

Two American girls were her companions during this part of her journey, and as they were the first

"to pass through the islands after the American occupation, and as many of the young officers at distant stations had seen no women-kind for eighteen months or more, they fell easy victims to the charms of the sisters, who left a track of bleeding hearts behind them. Usually, on returning from a visit to the shore, they were followed by detachments of orderlies bearing curios of all kinds, of which the young fellows stripped their quarters to present to the belles. On one occasion Sadie returned almost empty-handed, and, in reply to my question as to 'loot,' said scornfully: 'These men are not the *giving* sort; they're only the *promising* sort. Still,' she added pensively, 'I left my address.'"

Her enjoyment is at its height in the "quaint, beautiful, picturesque country" of Japan; and the descriptions of its life, and particularly of the women, their dress and occupations, are among the most interesting in the book. In an account of a pottery manufactory Mrs. Colquhoun contrasts the fine and dainty old Satsuma with the work now turned out in cartloads for the "European and (especially) American markets." In a "terrible modern show-room . . . monstrosities are ranged in rows, and gold is piled on gold, blue shrieks against blue, and yellow quarrels with magenta, *till one shuts one's eyes* and hurries for relief into the next room, followed by smiling Japanese, who say, 'Yes! it is all velly bad, but sell velly much!'"

The homeward journey was by the Siberian Railway, and if Mrs. Colquhoun is to be trusted, eastern Siberia is not prosperous. The harbor of Vladivostok, "which used to be dotted thickly with vessels, was almost devoid of them and trade was being driven to Talienwan." In the interior were some isolated towns, and "here and there a few log huts, twenty or thirty people, and a few cattle, and then for miles silence and emptiness. . . . The people live the lives of brute beasts, have no education, no amusement, save perhaps to listen to a crazy accordion or musical box, and but one change of clothes in the year. Their chief distraction is the consumption of *vodka*." Even Irkutsk, "as night approaches, . . . takes a forbidding air, for all windows and doors are shut and barred, the shops with great iron clamps like those of a prison. Few people are seen about, for the streets are still unsafe in this convict city, and only here and there a shaft of light from an upper window tells one that the place is really alive." Conditions improve as the Urals are approached. "Many brown wooden towns—better built than any we had seen before, with little flower-gardens and plots of vegetables—are scattered over this country," and the two days' journey in European Russia to Moscow was through one enormous cornfield. Mrs. Colquhoun takes her readers back with her to London, and closes her genial chronicle with a kindly wish to her friends, "known and unknown," that they may have "voyages as fortunate as ours, and hearts as light to enjoy."

China and the Chinese. By Herbert Allen Giles. Macmillan Co. 1902.

The Columbia University was fortunate in securing the foremost living English scholar in Chinese to inaugurate the foundation, by Gen. Horace W. Carpentier, of the Dean Lung chair of Chinese. Without pretence of advancing Chinese scholarship, but rather to arouse interest in a subject of increasing importance, the English professor of Chinese at Cambridge sends forth this volume at the request of the authorities of Columbia University.

The study of the oldest and most populous empire on earth suffers from the same disadvantage as does the earlier history of New York as treated by Diedrich Knickerbocker. The ludicrous side of China and her civilization was the one which first attracted the attention of foreigners, and to a great extent it does so still. The study of similarities and identities with the facts of ancient European life and with the modern Occident not only shows more and more the common humanity of the peoples East and West, but demonstrates that, from similar circumstances and forces, similar results will issue. On this principle Dr. Giles has proceeded throughout. Happily, he is thoroughly familiar with Chinese literature as well as with external conditions. Indeed, he handles every one of his chosen subjects with such consummate ease that we imagine some of his readers will suspect the depth of his scholarship; yet many a writer might envy his absolute mastery of his themes. This book makes easy reading, even for a boy or girl.

As for the ludicrous situations, they often occur in China because Chinese customs are violated by ignorant foreigners. For example, the invariable cup of tea served to a visitor on arrival is not intended for ordinary drinking purposes, for which wine is usually provided. To drink this tea is to give the signal for departure. Hence Chinese servants, unless previously warned of the funny ways of the alien, will at once give a shout to the bearers to be ready with the sedan chair. Indeed, when the time is up and the host has engagements elsewhere, he may, without breach of good manners, be the first to drink, thus delicately dropping a hint to his guest that time is valuable even in China. Some other things it would pay the expectant visitor to China to read in the delightful chapter on Chinese manners and customs. With

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masterly ease and scholarly thoroughness, are discussed in the six chapters, the Chinese language, the national body of literature, democratic China, and Taoism, which last, take it all in all, is, in critical acumen, historic, and especially chronological accuracy, proof of critical acquaintance and power of interpretation, and freedom from prejudice, one of the best discussions of the subject that we know of. The fourth lecture is a suggestive and illuminating comparison between China and ancient Greece. The author gives us a good index, and closes his very readable work with a plea for a serious and systematic examination of the modes of thought and manners and customs of the Chinese people, in place of the silly stuff of which we have a plethora in the works even of visitors to the country itself.

On one point, those who love the beautiful ideograms of China will grieve. Despite good print, paper, and binding, it seems positively disgraceful that, in place of the author's pen strokes (and Dr. Giles is very far from being a calligraphist in Chinese), there should not be in the wealthy city of New York a font of Chinese type with intelligent workmen to use it. When shall our boastful country have a tithe of the resources of Leipzig or Leyden in this respect?

Masterpieces of Greek Literature. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Such is the title of a book of selections from well-known translations of eighteen Greek writers, from Homer to Lucian. It is under the "supervising editorship" of Prof. J. H. Wright of Harvard, whose name appears alone on the back and title-page of the volume. Professor Wright contributes an "Introduction" of eight pages, which is, we need hardly say, scholarly and suggestive, and very unlike the usual perfunctory "foreword." With it Professor Wright's responsibility ends. The selections were made, and the biographical and other notes were written, by Miss Clara Seymour, "with the counsel of her father," the eminent Greek professor at Yale University. The work, which is an evidence of Bryn Mawr scholarship, appears, therefore, under the ægis of both Harvard and Yale.

This is not the place in which to raise the question of the possibility of a satisfactory translation of a Greek masterpiece. For the student of history and philosophy, such a translation as Jowett's Plato or Jebb's Thucydides serves all the purposes of the original. For the student of literature it does not. A translation, then, can reproduce statements of fact, and, in the hands of a master of English prose, can rise to the level of the classic—an English classic. The cases in which this has occurred can be counted on the fingers of one hand. For the translation of Greek poetry is needed a scholar who has the instinct of a poet; but when the rare combination arises, when the scholar has the poetic imagination, like Matthew Arnold, or the poet is scholarly, as in the case of Mr. Swinburne, his feeling for the perfection of the original amounts to paralysis. It is in Swinburne's paraphrases, if anywhere, that the ashes of Sappho burn again. But even Swinburne despaired of an adequate translation of the Odes. "Immortal Venus, throned above," begins Merivale's version of the first ode, "To Aphrodite," reproduced by Miss Seymour. "My feeble pulse forgot to play" is a line from Phillips's rendering of the ode of which Longinus said that it was a "congress of the passions." The Sapphic metre is not even attempted, and the language and the emotions it inspires are equally frigid. Yet, since Swinburne carefully wove his paraphrases into his own verse so that they cannot be used for quotation, Miss Seymour has offered the general reader the best at her disposal. We can only assure him that these versions express Sappho about as nearly as Pope expresses Homer. The case of Homer is notorious. The benefit of a verse translation of Homer rests with the translator. Miss Seymour reproduces portions of Bryant's Iliad and of Worsley's Odyssey. Some fail less conspicuously than others, is all that one can say of Bryant and Worsley. Miss Seymour includes the whole of Mrs. Browning's "Prometheus Bound" and Plumptre's "Antigone," with nearly the whole of the "Alcestis" in Browning's transcript. These versions are at least alive, and are nearly always scholarly.

The selections have been well made, and the biographical and other notes are clearly written and sufficient for the general reader, to whom we heartily recommend the volume.

Stories in Stone from the Roman Forum. By Isabel Lovell. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co.

"This book," said a girlish critic to whom it was submitted, "is written in words of one syllable." The title might suggest to the general reader a learned treatise on dusty archæology; but if he takes it up reluctantly he will not willingly lay it down; and if he has ever tried for himself to investigate, under a pitiless Italian sky, the intricate ruins of the Forum, he will breathe a sigh of relief when this new guide takes him gently in hand. The style of the book is clear and readable, but so elementary as to make one feel that it was written for children. It has withal something of that rhetorical manner which people needlessly employ for such readers. Sometimes (as on page 141) the description bursts into the form of rather declamatory dialogue, with such appeals as "Look once more, I pray thee. Doth no one come?" The first chapter explains the uses of the Forum, with helpful bits of history woven in; and the reader who has left the classics behind with his school days will gladly have his memory so easily and pleasantly refreshed. The last chapter describes the Forum's streets, and the gorgeous processions which once passed through them, while the intervening chapters are chiefly devoted to the temples formerly erected there.

Our author has a little unconscious trick of sometimes relating miracles, and the old legends of the interference of gods in earthly affairs, as if they were purely historic. Truly poetry and history are so interwoven in that region that it is difficult to disentangle them, yet the seeming statement of tradition as fact might well puzzle a child reader. But the book is, at any rate, the history of Rome in a nutshell, giving vivid pictures of the heroic days, tinted with the entrancing colors of the old mythology. The illustrations give a good idea of the present ruins, but the plates showing "restorations" of buildings may, perhaps, be a little confusing to young readers who do not understand that these restorations are imaginary only—a fact which even the preface does not state in so many words. One would like to know, also, whether the very imposing list of "authorities" which opens the book represents writers consulted in the original or only at second-hand.

The Soul of a People. By H. Fielding Hall. Macmillan. 1902.

Neither the popularity of the subject nor the scholarship of the author can account for the welcome accorded to this book, which in four years is already in its fourth edition. It is rather the remoteness of the subject, Burmese religion, which attracts; but the chief factor is the author's spirit. He does not know much about Buddhism as a system, but he is familiar with Burmese Buddhism as a working religion, and, seeing its influence upon a light-hearted population, he is fascinated by it and joys in it, till, out of the fulness of his joy and wonder, he tells us about it, simply, affectionately, and so effectively. This is the charm of the book; its naïve ignorance and idealization are almost childish, but the unaffected earnestness of the writer makes good the ignorance, for it calls attention to facts of Buddhism that are often neglected. Thus the net result is rather a gain, even to the scholar who marvels to hear any man say of Buddhism that "it stands alone here amongst all religions, pure from the tinsel of miracle," while the learned are still discussing whether the miracles of Buddhism were loaned to Christianity. Again, our author says that a Buddhist monk enters a monastery "to prepare his soul for heaven," whereas Buddhism denies both soul and heaven; and that to the Buddhist "the great God lives far behind his laws," whereas Buddhism knows no law save *Karma*, and has no God at all. And if Mr. Hall chooses to call Buddhism an optimism, not a pessimism, he does so by changing the meaning of these terms. To him, the Buddhist lives "in a real world, and knows it is good," but Buddha himself knew that it was evil.

When Mr. Hall goes further afield and cites (on page 190) from the "laws of Manu" verses which are not found in Manu, we are not surprised, but only wonder why this apocrypha is deemed necessary to the discussion. Yet this false citation is typical of the historical inaccuracy that obtains throughout the book. The reason is not far to seek. Mr. Hall's Buddhism is not Buddhism; it is the gentle Burmese caricature of Buddhism. Even our author admits this, saying finally of the Burmese villager that "he has made for himself out of Buddhism a belief that is opposed to all Buddhism in this matter" (of life after death). So at last we have the secret: the "Soul of a People" is the soul of Burma, and this is of great interest. But it is an error on the part of the author to exploit as Buddhism throughout the book what at the end even he confesses is not Buddhism at all. Take away pessimism and the hope of eternal extinction, and what Buddhism have we left? A belief in soul, heaven, meeting with

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loved ones hereafter, a great and good God—it is no wonder that such a belief touches a sympathetic chord. This is "Buddhism" in Burma. But this is the belief that Buddha thought he had demolished forever.

The Story of Verona. By Alethea Wiel. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan. Pp. viii., 314.

It is good to be reminded once in a while how superlatively interesting is such a city as Verona—a "city which," as Mr. Street says in his 'Brick and Marble in the Middle Ages,' "perhaps more than any other in northern Italy charms the cultivated traveller by the beauty, interest, and grandeur of its buildings." When one considers that Mr. Street was utterly blind to all beauty in architecture that did not date from a certain limited epoch, and that his estimate ignores a full half of what delights the "cultivated traveller" of to-day; when one recalls, moreover, that Verona was the seat of an important school of painting, and that its history is, like that of Siena, Perugia, and many another of the minor cities of Italy, brimful of picturesque and thrilling incident—one is only too thankful for the handy volume that marshals these riches conveniently for review. It forms one of the "Mediæval Town Series," and, without being either the best or the worst of that series, it is still a very creditable performance. Without any pretence of original research, and for the most part relying upon books that are accessible to everybody—especially for all that relates to art—Mrs. Wiel has given a résumé of the story of Verona, an account of its treasures of architecture and painting, that constitute an agreeable supplement to the ordinary vade-mecum. Those who are fortunate enough to linger a few days in the fair city on the Adige may find their advantage in the use of her careful and conscientious compilation. The volume is very prettily illustrated from drawings by Nelly Erichsen and Helen M. James, as well as by half-tone reproductions of pictures of the Veronese school, and its value is considerably enhanced by a good index.

At the same time, it should be acknowledged that Mrs. Wiel's work has the defects incident to its qualities, as well as some others less respectably connected. Conscientious people are rather given to "sitting on the fence," and our author is one of those not above this weakness. She is continually admitting that there are two opinions as to this or that bit of history, archæology, art or tradition, without ever trying to establish which one is the right. This, however, is less the defect of a quality than the shady side of a shining virtue: we sometimes wish it remained with her on the occasions when she "knows her own mind." The woman in her perhaps aiding, she can be quite certain about one of her own sex. No doubt Samaritana da Polenta, wife of Antonio della Scala, had her share of human frailty: she was of the family whence came Francesca da Rimini; but, perhaps too much influenced by that consideration, we hesitate to condemn her altogether, although we have Mrs. Wiel's word for it that her taste in jewelry was "ridiculous—not to say vulgar," and that, though she was alone among the wives of Veronese rulers to encourage literature and the arts, "she was in reality too vain and frivolous to care for learning for its own sake."

This case of downrightness is, however, almost unique. Of another sort is a statement that amused us more than was perhaps intended. The writer is so impressed with that picturesque stone known as "tufo" that she puts it into the index, and in one place says of it: "This 'tufo' must be cut from the quarries in summer, when it hardens into such *solidarity* [the italics are ours] as to make it well-nigh everlasting." Still, in general, we have not to reproach her with either excessive severity or undue liberties with her vocabulary. Her careful compilation is fairly correct, is, moreover, readable, and the author's want of decision about disputed points is, we repeat, commendable in a work that makes no pretence to original research. Its chief failing is amateurishness, and its second, the liberal crop of misprints that disfigures its pages. The latter may be mended in a succeeding edition, the former must be left to the discipline of future work. The tendency to the repetition of pet turns of expression, to the occasional brief bursts of fine writing, to a gentle inanity of commentary, and to the use of certain inelegancies of speech, will disappear under the correcting influence of practice.

Archæological History of Ohio: The Mound Builders and Later Indians. By Gerard Fowkes. Published by the Ohio State Archæological and Historical Society. Columbus, 1902. 8vo, pp. xvi, 760.

In Ohio are found the most remarkable of the works attributed to those ancient Americans called the Mound Builders, and here, too, is the field of much that is important and interesting in our later aboriginal history. Probably more nonsense has been written about the Mound Builders than about any other people that ever existed, the "Ten Lost Tribes of Israel" not excepted. Fables of "a lost civilization," "geometrical instruments," "a compact civil organization," "myriads of people," "magnificent cities," "an extensive empire," have been rolled from writer to writer, increasing like a snowball as they progressed, until there are many intelligent persons who believe that there dwelt in the Ohio Valley an intellectual and civilized race vastly superior to and totally different from our Red Indians. Hence it is gratifying in the highest degree to have presented in the graphic and attractive manner of the present work the facts as they exist, and the conclusion to which they inevitably lead: "Nothing yet discovered proves for any of the Mound Builders a higher intellectual capacity than is, or was, possessed by more than one well-known tribe of American Indians."

To the demonstration of this thesis Mr. Fowkes gives two-thirds of his book, analyzing, ridiculing, and demolishing the reckless statements of many a romancing predecessor, and establishing beyond cavil such points as these: To erect the works required neither great skill, large numbers, nor long time. The artifects found in the mounds do not in any particular surpass those picked up on the surface and known to be the work of the recent Indians. In no particular were the Mound Builders in advance of many known tribes. The "mathematical figures," except those at Newark, are of the rudest character. The perfect circle at Newark could have been made by any one possessed of the knowledge that a string continues of the same length in whatsoever direction from a centre it be extended. The square at Newark, alone, requires a geometrical operation, but not one of a highly complicated order (and, indeed, a square can be laid out by a formula even simpler than that used by Mr. Fowkes). It is distinctly refreshing to find a book so accurate and sane in treatment of this mania-producing subject. Here is, however, no history of the Mound Builders, for this author is no more able than his predecessors to tell us who or when they were, nor why they constructed such extraordinary works. The Indian history of the State where was, as now seems probable, the early home of the Siouans, and perhaps also of the Iroquoians, is ignored; and we pass from the Mound Builders to a brief account of the recent Indians and a long account of their stone implements, including a good description of the famous Flint Ridge, the chief armory of the Indian.

Excellent as this book is, the author's zeal in demolishing venerable fables leads him by mere momentum to overrun his objective, and to belabor quite indiscriminately all his predecessors in the field, both the sensible and the foolish. To those early and industrious workers, Squier and Davis, Mr. Fowkes does try, not always with success, to be just; but in exploiting his rather neat vein of sarcasm he treats Messrs. Shaler and Putnam with no more respect than if they were the "silly" Larkin or Hosea of the mighty imagination. When Mr. Fowkes reads his own book critically he will discover that he is not infallible himself. Yet, all in all, his is a valuable book, and, if properly circulated, will do much to substitute in the popular mind fact for romance concerning our Mound Builders and later Indians. It is a great pity that such excellent matter is not presented in better print and binding. We do not know who prepared the Bibliography found in an appendix. His work would be more valuable had he known that a citation of a book is improved if title, date, and name of author are correctly given.

La Propriété Rurale en France. Par Flour de Saint-Genis. Paris: Armand Colin. 1902.

Few subjects are more fascinating to the student of history than that here treated. Rightly considered, the political history of France is sad enough. It consists mainly of struggles to establish despotic power, and of struggles to maintain and extend it. There is too much of glory in it for human happiness. But the minute homesteads whose boundaries cover France with infinitesimal reticulations, constitute a record of struggles of another kind prolonged for almost twenty centuries: struggles to subdue the earth, to win bread, to maintain the family, to secure a refuge against adversity. One of these little heritages is an epitome of man's life; one cannot think without emotion of the many generations that have come and gone upon it, that have bathed it with the sweat of their brows and enriched it with infinite toil, that have loved it with consuming devotion and parted from it with bitter tears. To

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trace its history, to ascertain the forces that affect it, to predict its future, are pursuits which attract the best of French talent and call forth the most engaging qualities of that amiable people.

The work before us, although crowned by the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, is in some respects disappointing. It is altogether too diffuse, and filled with well-meant but tiresome platitudes. The author seems to have formed no plan before beginning his work, and to have been overwhelmed by the abundance of his materials. Hence it is no slight task to select what is valuable from the confused mass; but whoever has patience will be rewarded. The author has analyzed with care a great number of statistical returns bearing upon the size of properties, the number of proprietors, the causes and effects of subdivision, the influences which favor the acquisition of land, and those which are adverse. We cannot even enumerate his conclusions, and must content ourselves with referring to some of the most important of them.

Two things are especially impressive: the intense desire of the French to possess land and to maintain the family, and the frightful obstacles which their oppressive Government interposes. The common people of France have always been deprived of the invaluable political training which local government gives, and they are altogether incapable of resisting their centralized administration. There are local councils, it is true, but they have few powers, and their action is regulated from Paris. It is only natural that the ambition to be connected with this all-powerful central Government should displace that generous passion which we call public spirit. It is indeed surprising that where the Government assumes control of so great a part of human activity, there should be so much of private benevolence as is displayed. It is not surprising that where the exactions of Government are so severe, most Frenchmen concentrate their energies on providing what they can for their families.

The processes by which the more than fourteen million rural properties in France are constantly uniting and dividing resemble the processes of nutrition and waste in a living organism. The system of entail provided by the Code compels incessant partition; there are 10,500,000 properties of less than two hectares, and 2,175,000 over two and under six. The number of proprietors is far smaller; in 1898 there were about 250,000 transmissions of rural property through death. The number of small properties does not increase, because the Government confiscates much of their value by taxation, and the owners are forced to sell them. The expense of partition under the Code is estimated by this author at from one-fifth to two-fifths of the value of the properties. When there are minor heirs, judicial partition or sale is compulsory. From 8 to 10 per cent. of the *héritages* are estimated at less than 500 francs, and the expenses of administration exceed this sum. The cost of ordinary sales is almost prohibitive. There are other deplorable features in the situation, but we need not specify them. The declining birth-rate and the drift of population to the cities are the inevitable results of the fiscal policy here described. As to those who suffer from it, we heartily agree with the author when he exclaims:

"N'est-elle pas admirable, cette race de travailleurs qui, en dépit des obstacles, des déceptions, persiste, grandit, se perpétue, semblable à ces ruches dont on coupe périodiquement le meilleur du miel et qui ne se lassent pas de produire pour autrui."

Elementary Studies in Insect Life. By Samuel J. Hunter, A. M., Associate Professor of Comparative Zoölogy and Entomology, University of Kansas. Topeka, Kansas: Crane & Co. 1902.

In this book the author has abandoned traditional lines, and, instead of telling first about the characters that distinguish the Insecta, he plunges at once into the life cycle, devoting to it one of the longest chapters in the book, so far as number of pages is concerned; but ten of these pages consist of a series of figures illustrating the complete life cycle of one insect. The special senses are lightly touched, protective devices receive a somewhat fuller consideration, while solitary and social life (chiefly among the bees, wasps, and other Hymenoptera) are given two chapters. Instinct and reason are very briefly treated; but the author credits bees and wasps, at least, with reasoning powers. The mutual relations of plants and insects are somewhat fully considered, and our friends and foes among the class are grouped according to the character of the affected crops. Methods and apparatus for collecting and studying, and structure and classification of insects, are condensed into less than eighty pages, of which seventeen give in tabular form the distinctive characters of the larger groups of insects. An appendix of thirty-one pages treats very briefly of injurious insects and modes of dealing with them. Altogether, the book is interesting and informing, covering just the ground expressed by the author in the title. It will be useful for those who want a general knowledge of the peculiarities of insect life and development, and the author has an easy style that makes reading pleasant.

The pictures are mostly half-tones, and a large number of them are distinctly poor. Some that are made from drawings (103, 115, 119) are inaccurate in outline or detail, and others are obscure and much inferior to published pictures of the same species. Why the unsymmetrical, vaguely outlined representation of the buffalo moth beetle on p. 149 was preferred to the beautifully accurate figure that could have been obtained from the United States Department of Agriculture, passes understanding. The type is clear and the print fair, but not good enough for the numerous half-tones that are scattered through the text.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aguilar, Grace. The Vale of Cedars, and Other Tales. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America.
Almanach de Gotha. 140th year. Gotha: Justus Perthes; New York: Lemcke & Buechner.
Bakewell, Mary E. Bakewell's True Fairy Stories. American Book Co. 35 cents.
Clegg, J. International Directory of Booksellers, and Bibliophile's Manual. Rochdale, Eng.: James Clegg; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 6s.
De Garmo, Charles. Interest and Education: The Doctrine of Interest and its Concrete Application. Macmillan.
Ellis, E. S. Jim and Joe, Two Brave Boys. Philadelphia; Henry T. Coates & Co.
Greenslet, Ferris. The Quest of the Holy Grail: An Interpretation and a Paraphrase of the Holy Legend. Boston: Curtis & Cameron.
Hamm, Margherita A. Famous Families of New York. 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $15.
Hill, F. S. Twenty-six Historic Ships. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.
Keeler, Charles. A Wanderer's Songs of the Sea. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.
L'Alimande, Pierre. Sandwiches and How to Make Them. Published by the Author.
Maitland, J. A. F. The Age of Bach and Handel. (The Oxford History of Music.) Henry Frowde.
Mangasarian, M. M. Christian Science: A Comedy in Four Acts. Chicago: Published by the Author.
Pictures of Romance and Wonder by Sir Edward Burne-Jones. R. H. Russell. $5.
Robertson, Peter. The Seedy Gentleman. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson. $1.50.
Scott, Leader. Correggio. (Bell's Miniature Series of Painters.) London: George Bell & Sons; New York: Macmillan.
Stoddard, W. O. Boys of Bunker Academy. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co.
The Social Comedy. Life Publishing Co.
Walmsley, W. H. The A B C of Photomicrography: A Practical Handbook for Beginners. Tennant & Ward. $1.25.
Weildon, J. E. C. The Consecration of the State: An Essay. Macmillan. 80 cents.
Wells, Philip P. Literature of American History. Supplement for 1900 and 1901. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.00.

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